

NOVEMBER 19, 1984

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TIME

Election Special

Reagan's Triumph



What It Means to America



An Exclusive Interview

The Shaping of the Presidency 1984
★ By Theodore H. White ★



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A Letter from the Publisher

All presidential elections are extraordinary in their fashion. As has been TIME's efforts to cover them over the past 60 years. But no special election edition of the magazine has approached the dimensions of this week's issue. It contains 45 pages of election stories, almost twice as many as any such issue in the past. It offers an unprecedented 59 pages of color. It is one of the largest issues TIME has ever published, and it is a record advertising issue.

As has become traditional for our presidential election coverage, TIME went to press four days earlier than usual, and will keep its special issue on the newsstand for eleven days. Its crash-close deadlines called for the presses to start only 15 hours after the last polls closed.

All across the country, TIME's bureau chiefs deployed their forces to cover not only the contest for President but also the significant congressional and state races. Correspondents in all of the key cities and state capitals conducted exit polls and monitored the mood of the voters as they cast their ballots. From those hour-by-hour reports, supplemented by insights from expert political observers and party leaders, the bureau chiefs described how Americans in their part of the country voted—and why they voted overwhelmingly for Ronald Reagan.

TIME correspondents accompanied each of the four major candidates as they gave their last speeches and shook their last few hundred hands. Two White House correspondents covered Ronald Reagan's final forays: Douglas Brew traveled with the President on a five-day, 16-city swing, and Laurence Barrett was there for the huge G.O.P. wrap-up rally in San Diego.

Time Inc. Editor in Chief Henry Grunwald, TIME Managing Editor Ray Cave and Barrett met with Reagan last week in the Oval Office for an exclusive interview, and Barrett and Brew interviewed the President again on Election Day, when he

knew his victory was assured (see page 52). On the road with Mondale were Correspondents Sam Allis and Jack White. Said Allis of the frantic finish: "Mondale's pace since the debates has been brutal. We arrive and leave our hotels in the dark, stops are added to the schedule at the last minute. Sometimes I feel as if I have been on Guadalcanal for a year."

Los Angeles Correspondent Melissa Ludtke followed a confident Vice President George Bush on his eight-day trip through eleven states. Washington Correspondent David Beckwith observed the last stops of Geraldine Ferraro's precedent-setting campaign. "Her traveling entourage was upbeat and lighthearted to the end," he reported. "It was one of those occasions in the life of a journalist when you are very aware of watching history being made."

To write, edit and check the 19 election stories in Nation, TIME augmented the regular staff of that department with editors, writers, reporter-researchers, artists, copyreaders and other specialists from all sections of the magazine. The picture department assigned 15 photographers from coast to coast, with the latest election-night photographs from the West Coast being beamed by satellite to New York City for editing and transmission to printing plants.

One very special writing assignment was that undertaken by Theodore H. White, noted author of *The Making of the President* series. His role: a major story for TIME examining the new forces at play in the American political arena.

On Election Day, staff members joined their fellow citizens at the polls, then reported to their posts for what, in many cases, proved to be a 30-hour stretch. By the time the day and night were over, the election was history, and the most colorful and comprehensive election issue ever was on its way to TIME's readers.

John A. Meyers



Cave, Grunwald and Barrett with the President

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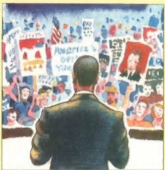
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Letters

Last Hurrah

To the Editors:

I arrived in this strange land as a student three years ago, and am delighted and bemused to see the two presidential candidates tear each other apart, especially in the debates [NATION, Oct. 29]. I do not know which man is better. But I do know I like the U.S. because all this is happening without a single stone being thrown.

*Jun Sung Lee
Hoboken, N.J.*

The ability to debate is not necessarily the sign of an effective leader. In fact, debates are often won by the candidate most skilled in the quick sidestep and the artful dodge. A leader must take time and have some solitude before engaging his mouth.

*Robert Brundin
Torrance, Calif.*



If rhetorical agility were important to carrying out the functions of a President, then we might do better to scrounge up future candidates from the ranks of criminal lawyers or radio talk-show hosts. Fortunately, most voters give more weight to other qualities that a president must have, such as leadership and judgment.

*Robert Bao
East Lansing, Mich.*

What has happened to American politics, that a man like Walter Mondale can question the competency of President Reagan and manipulate the media to the point that Mondale has credibility?

*Russ Searce
Seattle*

During the debates I felt as if I were watching the emperor without his clothes. I saw a President outfitted by image-makers; yet the nakedness of his ideas was obvious. His economic and social policies will exploit the powerless, invade the most private aspects of our lives and in the process may bankrupt the country.

*Anita Krusko
Somers, N.Y.*

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1984

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Letters

Mondale debated well, but one night does not make up for four years of hard work. Under the Reagan Administration the U.S. has lower interest rates, lower unemployment and greater productivity. The President is making America healthy again.

*Lenore O'Neill
Salisbury, Md.*

In the second debate President Reagan said the alternative to the Philippine regime of Ferdinand Marcos might be Communism. Is the President unaware of the democratically oriented opposition to Marcos? In that statement, Reagan summed up his simplistic and potentially destructive approach to foreign policy.

*Kenneth A. Weane
Syosset, N.Y.*

From the debates it would appear that we have two responsible and informed men calling each other irresponsible and uninformed. Whoever is right, we are destined to elect an irresponsible and uninformed President.

*Jim Mung
Buffalo*

Busted Brothel

Your article "Case of the Classy Mad-am" (NATION, Oct. 29) is disturbing. Has the New York City police department nothing better to do than crack down on a prostitution ring? In France, Sydney Biddle Barrows would have received the grand cross of the Legion of Honor for her services to humanity.

*Andrew A. Recsei
Santa Barbara, Calif.*

I am sorry Barrows' bordello was closed. I hope her 3,000 clients will now become proponents of legalized prostitution. With all the social problems we must face, it is hypocritical to focus on this harmless "crime."

*Boris Petrovichich
Los Altos Hills, Calif.*

Birdman of Prey

Biologist Jeffrey Peters transports a Merlin falcon across state lines for study purposes and ends up serving 18 months for the crime (NATION, Oct. 29). Meanwhile, indiscriminate oil drilling destroys swamps and marshes, oil spills eliminate marine life, acid rain defoliates forests, strip mining grinds up the earth's surface, and hunters kill game with overpowered guns. How absurd.

*Patricia Feltes
Lincoln, Neb.*

Capitalist Dawn

China's new policies for economic growth (WORLD, Oct. 29) are perhaps the most significant socioeconomic event of our time. The country's turn toward capi-

talism will hasten the coming of world government in the 21st century. I hope the Soviets are watching and learning.

*Lonn G. Schwartz
Fort Morgan, Colo.*

Endangered Thatcher

The terrorist attack at Brighton (WORLD, Oct. 22) was a failed attempt to destroy Britain's democracy. Although I believe the British should leave Northern Ireland, I do not want to see that land left in the hands of I.R.A. slaughterers.

*Robert Carson
Carlisle, England*

I hope the U.S. citizens who have contributed to the I.R.A. are proud of their accomplishments. To those Americans I say: Mind your own business.

*Adrian Addington
Huntingdon, England*

A bomb for Margaret Thatcher was an understandable reaction by those Irishmen who will no longer accept the British demand that "Paddy lie down." No people should have to submit to oppression. The Irish have been patient for too long.

*Patrick McVeigh
Floral Park, N.Y.*

Sexless Scriptures

Your report on the National Council of Churches' effort to remove all sexist references from the Bible makes me angry (RELIGION, Oct. 29). Who do these people think they are. God? Man has no right to change God's word to please himself.

*Raymond H. Vunk
Memphis*

It is unfortunate that even the Bible has to suffer from the foolish paranoia of the feminist movement. I just cannot picture Moses coming down from the mountain sporting an ERA button.

*Lee Pederson
Naperville, Ill.*

Suicide Pills

I was offended by your coverage of the Brown University referendum calling on school administrators to stockpile cyanide pills for use in the event of a nuclear war (EDUCATION, Oct. 29). We who support this measure do not see it as "a quick way out." We want to dramatize the unthinkable consequences of nuclear war by equating it with suicide. The referendum is designed to provoke thought and action so no one will need a way out.

*James Bernard
Providence*

The notion that Brown students supported the pro-suicide referendum because they are spoiled and come from affluent backgrounds is without substance.

WASHINGTON WEEK IN REVIEW

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ENERGY INDEPENDENCE

Can homegrown energy free us from foreign dependence?

The oil crises of the 1970s taught us that energy imports can be unreliable as well as damaging to the economy. Yet America still consumes a lot of energy from other countries.

Greater use of nuclear energy and coal, which are domestic sources of our electricity, reduces this risky dependence.

Some facts you may not be aware of: Almost a third of the oil we now use comes from other countries—more than five million barrels of imported oil a day.

U.S. oil imports grew an alarming 25% during the first half of 1984, as steady economic growth boosted America's demand for energy.

Last year, we paid \$56 billion to foreign suppliers for oil and natural gas. That's almost as much as 1983's record U.S. trade deficit.

The trouble with foreign energy supplies

We don't have much control over the future price or availability of energy from other countries.

Right now, that's not a big problem. The world has a healthy supply of oil these days. Improvements in energy efficiency and the recent global recession

have created a temporary glut.

So the price of oil, and of other energy sources as well, has stabilized for the time being.

But no one knows how long this price stability will last. No one knows whether Persian Gulf oil will suddenly be cut off from the free world, which still depends heavily on it.

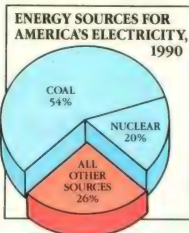
Such a cutoff could double the price of oil. And lead to renewed inflation, recession, and major unemployment.

Nuclear energy and coal are plentiful and homegrown

America now has about 4% of the world's proved crude oil reserves.

The top five oil-rich nations—Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, the Soviet Union, Iran, and Iraq—together have a gigantic 60% of these reserves.

But the U.S. has more coal than any other country in the world. Enough to last us hundreds of years. And our own uranium resources are enough to fuel all of America's nuclear power plants—and many more—for their entire operating lives.



By using more coal and nuclear energy, utilities are burning less oil to generate power. The United States Department of Energy estimates that by 1990, almost three-fourths of our electricity will come from coal and uranium. Source: Energy Information Administration/U.S. Dept. of Energy.

According to a recent international survey, the U.S. has over 400,000 tons of "reasonably assured" uranium reserves—again, more than any other country.

Nuclear energy replaces oil

By the 1990s, over 100 U.S. nuclear plants will be supplying close to 20% of our electricity. Eighty-five are currently operating; 37 more are now being built.

Without these plants, most of the electricity they produce would come instead from more power plants burning coal, natural gas, and oil.

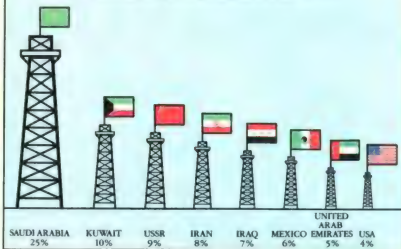
Nuclear-generated electricity has already saved this country roughly 2 billion barrels of oil. Completing the nuclear plants now under construction will help save billions more by the turn of the century.

U.S. industry shifting to homegrown electricity

Electricity, much of it from coal and nuclear plants, is also being used instead of oil for such things as

WHO HAS THE OIL?

(Percentage of world's proved crude oil reserves)



America ranks eighth in proved oil reserves. Our reserves have been declining for years, despite a big increase in exploratory drilling. Source: Energy Information Administration/U.S. Dept. of Energy; Petroleum Information International.

home heating, manufacturing, and materials production.

High-tech advances in America's factories are making electricity the most efficient energy choice for many industrial processes. Electric steelmaking, for example, is on the rise because it uses only *one-fourth* the energy that blast furnaces need to produce a ton of steel.



The new energy import is Canadian electricity. Much of the electricity from this New Brunswick nuclear power plant (and other plants like it) is sold to U.S. utilities. America already spends over a billion dollars a year on electricity imports from Canada.

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Now generating two-thirds of our electricity, coal and nuclear energy have eased America's dependence on foreign oil. Safe, efficient use of these abundant homegrown resources will continue to strengthen U.S. energy security.

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The National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute, National Institutes of Health,
Public Health Service, U.S. Department of Health and Human Services

Letters

Brown students, rich and poor, white and black, like me, supported the proposal to show our outrage at the nuclear arms race.

Ronald W. Thibou Jr.
Providence

Brawling Fans

Your piece titled "Take Me Out to the Brawl Game" [BEHAVIOR, Oct. 29] concentrated on the negative aspects of the small riot that erupted in Detroit after the World Series. I am a Tiger fan and know what the pennant victory has done for a city that has had little to cheer about.

David W. Gorick
Toronto

Violence by the fans is directly related to the disorderly behavior they see on the playing field. Don't blame the fans; they are only copying their heroes.

Don N. Lee Jr.
Alvin, Texas

Viewing Van Gogh

In reviewing the "Van Gogh in Arles" exhibit in New York City [ART, Oct. 22], Robert Hughes notes that the enormous crowds who attend such exhibits make it nearly impossible to see, let alone appreciate, the pictures. This is tragic for observing the works of Van Gogh, which need careful study of the dashes and slashes that create his unique style. This matter concerned Van Gogh as well. While he was at Arles, he wrote to his brother Theo, "When anyone says that such and such is done too fast, you can reply that they have looked at it too quickly."

Theodore D. Pappas
Rockford, Ill.

I almost did not go to the Van Gogh exhibit because your article warned that "the general public will see very little... Distanced from the work by crowds and railings, they will find their hope to experience Van Gogh's art in its true quality thwarted." I found the railings only inches from the wall, and could be nose to nose with Van Gogh's tremendous talent for as long as I wished.

Joy Kluess
Ridgefield, Conn.

Training Tots

In his new book *The Nature of the Child* [BEHAVIOR, Oct. 22], Jerome Kagan is throwing out the baby with the bathwater when he discounts the influence of the environment on a youngster's development. Kagan's deflection from the environmental camp may exacerbate the growing tendency to excuse parents and societies from social responsibilities by citing sociobiological theories.

Stephen R. Buchanan
Associate Professor of Psychology
University of South Carolina at Union
Union, S.C.

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How the Mercedes-Benz 380SE is accelerating the demise of the traditional luxury sedan.

AN AL-TOMOBILIF need not concede stirring over-the-road performance in order to provide civilized levels of comfort.

Given enlightened technology and skillful engineering, it can provide both.

That is a lesson being reluctantly learned by the builders of some conventional luxury sedans in this changing automotive world.

It is a lesson tirelessly taught by the engineers of Mercedes-Benz almost since the dawn of the automobile. And epitomized today by the burly yet butter-smooth sedan seen charging the camera above: the Mercedes-Benz 380SE.

"QUIETLY, LIKE A TURBINE"
The 380SE is a performance

machine—as only a 3.8-liter Mercedes-Benz V-8 can be a performance machine. Its test track maximum nudges two miles per minute. Its highway passing thrust is thrilling. Yet that C.I.S. fuel-injected aluminum alloy V-8 engine "...hums quietly, like a turbine," reports the German journal, *Auto, Motor und Sport*.

Driving controls are too precise and perhaps simply too *pleasurable* to be emulated by a conventional luxury sedan. Example: power steering crisp and accurate enough to make a power steering enthusiast of a sports car purist. Example: the four-speed automatic gearbox, its tunnel-mounted lever and shift gate so ingeniously well designed

that you may be unable to resist shifting manually.

The 380SE rests on a suspension system whose high sophistication few luxury sedans even attempt to match.

The ultimate object of this fully independent system, with diagonal-pivot rear axle, is more than high-speed handling heroics. It is to help the 380SE convey its driver and passengers without drama between Point A and Point B—whatever may lie between.

This is one substantial five-passenger sedan that doesn't flinch but seems to flourish when the going gets rough underfoot.

The absence of pitching and rolling in this solid 3,740-lb. machine marks another sharp contrast with soft-sprung luxury sedans. (Note that sturdy anti-sway bars are fitted fore *and* aft.) Yet the ride is never harsh. "The contours of the road's surface simply become a secondary matter," comments one automotive journalist.

In brief, the 380SE reconciles high standards of performance and high standards of riding comfort in the same chassis design. One result is a sense of motoring security that

the reassurance of the computer-regulated Mercedes-Benz Anti-lock Braking System (ABS) as standard equipment.

the word "comfort" can barely begin to describe:

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A 380SE technological bonus for 1985 is inclusion of the Mercedes-Benz Anti-lock Braking System (ABS) as standard equipment.

Incredibly, with ABS, the car's four-wheel disc braking system can "think"—utilizing computer-regulated technology to sense and then pre-

vent wheel lockup in hard braking on uncertain surfaces. Helping the car decelerate normally. Helping the driver retain precise steering control.

VELOUR, VENEER, AND 93.6 CU. FT OF INTERIOR VOLUME

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You will also find ample space for five—93.6 cubic feet of space. The age of the oversized automobile may have ended; the roomy automobile lives.

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THE BOTTOM LINE

The 380SE Sedan is priced at \$42,730*. Perspective may be added by noting that year after year after year, not certain isolated models but Mercedes-Benz automobiles *as a line* have been shown to retain a higher percentage of their original retail value than any luxury car sold in America.

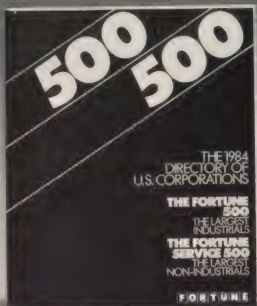
Its robust performance makes the 380SE an exciting automobile. Its deep comfort makes it a livable automobile. But its rare ability to *combine* these often opposite traits is what makes the 380SE an automobile apart.



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FORTUNE

REQUIRED READING FOR THE BUSINESS CLASS

Letters

As a parent of three now grown adopted children of different genetic backgrounds, my experience confirms Kagan's observations. Our children's moral and emotional characteristics developed with almost total disregard to the values my wife and I attempted to instill.

James E. Walter
Professor of Education
Culver-Stockton College
Canton, Mo.

Your report on Jerome Kagan's theories of child development indicates that parents would like all their children to be extraverted and fearless. I knew a child like that, and true to his nature, he fell out of a tree and died. Your story also implied that youngsters who have relatively major health problems grow up to be introverts. I learned about a boy like that. He grew up to be President Theodore Roosevelt.

Edward Robinson Taylor
Oklahoma City

Jerome Kagan has finally acknowledged what most mothers have always known: each child arrives in the world with an individual personality. Psychologists have imposed an enormous burden on parents by insisting that they are somehow solely responsible for their children's personalities. Now parents can sit back and enjoy each child's uniqueness.

Kathleen S. Ruckman
Kensington, Md.

On-Screen Violence


Reviewer Richard Corliss maintains that sexually violent movies do not influence viewers toward similar acts and that suppressing such films will not end violent behavior (CINEMA, Oct. 29). However, the youths who raped a young girl in imitation of the movie *Born Innocent* and the spouses who tried to kill their mates after seeing the TV movie *The Burning Bed* are examples of how some personalities are affected by these films. They see the movie as a rationale for their own violent impulses. While I do not believe in censorship, I do not think everyone is capable of separating fact from fantasy.

Michelle Lequin
San Diego

Perhaps Critic Corliss would have more sympathy for the "porn vigilantes" if he were constantly assaulted with depictions of members of his own sex being brutalized, mutilated and humiliated in the name of sexual entertainment. The only point of view these film makers ignore is the woman's point of view.

Elizabeth Montgomery
Chapel Hill, N.C.

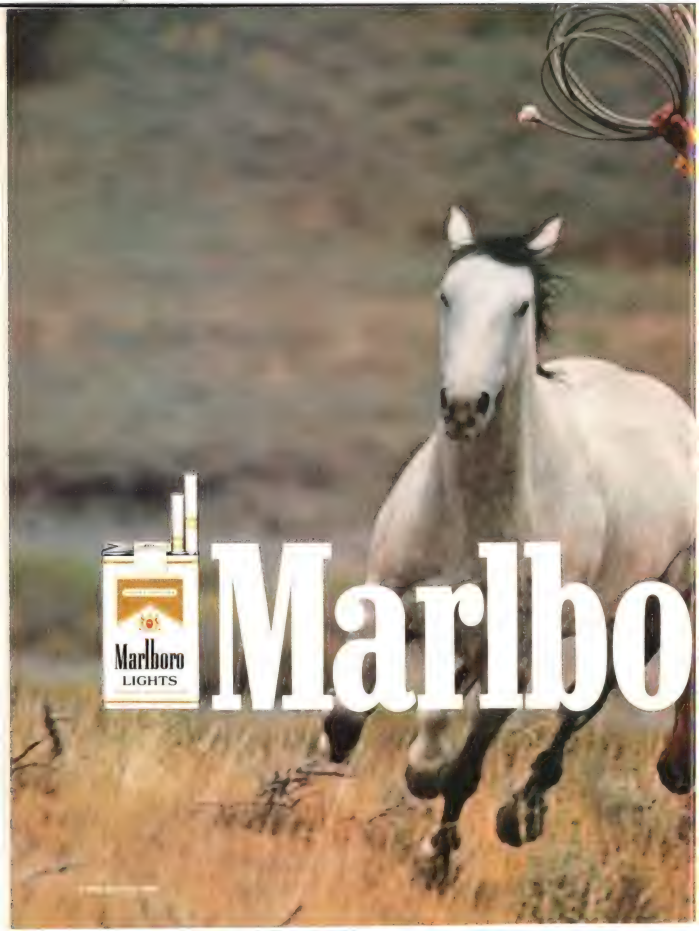
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

A white horse with a dark mane and tail is captured in mid-stride, running through a field of tall, dry grass. The background is a blurred, natural landscape with hills and sparse vegetation. The overall tone is warm and dynamic.

**The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.**



Marlboro



A cowboy wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a bright yellow jacket is riding a dark brown horse. The cowboy's right arm is raised, and he is holding the reins with his left hand. The background is a blurred, natural outdoor setting with dry grass and trees. The text "ro Lights" is overlaid in large white letters at the bottom of the image.

ro Lights

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American Scene

In New York: Lone Voyager

*I've got a mule; her name is Sal.
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
—American folk song*

Captain Olaf Kaldefoss does not have a mule to pull his boat through the Erie Canal. He has a pair of 25-year-old diesel engines, one of which has just been overhauled. But he is confident that they can move his craft, the 256-ft. M. V. *Day Peckinpaugh*, through the canal at a stately, steady speed of 8 m.p.h., and so is the ship's engineer, a compact, muscular fellow named Dan Sauvey. So, with the sun just clearing the horizon and beginning to burn off the mist shrouding the upstate New York city of Utica, Kaldefoss signals his crew to cast off the lines holding his command to the New York State department of transportation dock and eases it slowly, stern-first, out into the basin.

1,600 tons of cement. And the ship does it cheaply, carrying its high-bulk, low-cost cargo for less than the cost of sending it by either train or truck, which is, Kaldefoss explains, why the vessel is still working. Commercial traffic on the Erie Canal has all but disappeared; the Erie Navigation Co. of Erie, Pa., which owns and operates the *Peckinpaugh*, is one of the last shippers still using the water route across New York. But the *Peckinpaugh* and its eight-man crew remain and, more important, pay their way. "This isn't an exhibit in a museum," says Kaldefoss as the gates of the harbor lock swing open to receive him and his ship. "This is a real working boat."

That the *Peckinpaugh* is no pleasure craft is evident. Built in 1921 and named for a Great Lakes coal shipper whose brother Roger once managed the New



Built in 1921, the good ship *Peckinpaugh* is now one of a kind on the Erie Canal

Then, his craft clear, Kaldefoss settles himself behind the huge, spoked steering wheel that dominates the *Peckinpaugh's* pilothouse and steers for the lock leading from the harbor to the Erie Canal, a 338-mile-long liquid highway that runs from Buffalo, on Lake Erie, all the way east to Albany on the Hudson River. "Well," says Kaldefoss in a voice still heavy with the cadences of his native Norway, "here we go again."

Kaldefoss's statement is one of fact, not resignation. The only commercial ship still plying that route, the *Peckinpaugh* has made more than 30 trips so far this year between the industrial city of Rome, located near the center of the state, and the Lake Ontario port of Oswego. It makes the trip west and north empty, completing the run in about 16 hours. It makes the trip back loaded with some

York Yankees and the Cleveland Indians, the *Peckinpaugh* was drafted into service during World War II to carry coal offshore, and made several runs to Cuba. But then it was restored to its original purpose, which was to run the still waters of the canal.

That it has a working crew becomes clear as the boat enters the lock. With practiced ease, Deck Hand Basil Kuvshnikov, whose name and accent both attest to his origins in the Russian city of Smolensk, steps ashore and walks beside the slowly moving boat, a loop of its thick forward hawser over his shoulder. As he slips the loop over one of the mushroom-shaped bollards onshore, another deck hand, a stocky, bearded man named Tim Burke, tightens the line, snubbing the *Peckinpaugh* to the side of the lock.

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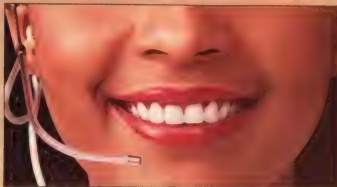
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American Scene

Passing through the lock takes only a few minutes. No sooner have the gates closed behind it than the *Peckinpaugh* begins to rise, buoyed by the water pouring into the rectangular lock enclosure until its rail towers above the head of the lock keeper. A moment later, the lock's forward gates swing open and the ship sails on, a full 16 ft. higher than it was when it entered. Ahead of it stretches the Erie Canal, as straight and flat as a highway.

Ahead, a huge gray crane, disturbed by the *Peckinpaugh's* passing, rises from the surface and flies majestically away, its wings beating as if in slow motion. Ducks, more used to the *Peckinpaugh's* passage, edge toward the banks, quacking.

There are other craft on the canal as well. A transportation department tug, painted a bright blue and yellow and



Captain Kaldefoss at his battle station

looking more like a child's bathtub toy than a working boat, passes the *Peckinpaugh* toward midmorning, heading east for Utica. Otherwise, the only other boats are recreational, mostly Canadian boats using the canal to get to the Hudson and the Atlantic Ocean. A large trimaran, the *Tournament of Toronto*, its mast removed and lashed to the deck, chugs by under power, its crew bundled against the autumn chill and waving as much to keep warm as to greet the *Peckinpaugh* and its crew. Other pleasure craft slide by as the morning wears on. Their destinations: Florida, the Bahamas, the Virgin Islands.

"I wish I were going with them," says Lock Keeper Bob Walker as he welcomes the *Peckinpaugh* to Lock 21. "It gets kind of lonely here in the fall." Glad for the company, Walker seems in no hurry to lock the *Peckinpaugh* through. A barrel-shaped man, he stands at the side of the lock chatting as the water pours out, dropping the boat a full 26 ft. He and the *Peck-*

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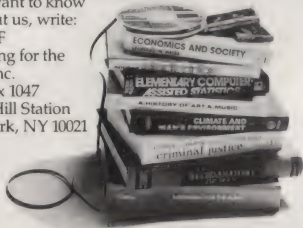
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Opium, the Charleston, Artie Shaw and Mao...

The house where Katherine Wei spent her earliest years was distinguished for its wealth, culture, and her mother's passion for all things American. But soon, the Japanese invasion changed life irrevocably for Katherine, her parents and three sisters. From cosmopolitan Peking, they fled to the feudal remoteness of Hunan and the ancient ways of Katherine's grandfather and his three concubines; then to the misery of bomb-ravaged Chungking. When the family sought to recapture its former life in post-war Shanghai, the sternest test lay ahead—the frenzied days of the Communist takeover.

Katherine Wei came to America in 1949. She was not to see her family again for 32 years. Her book brings back worlds which have disappeared forever. Yet however exotic its settings, **SECOND DAUGHTER** tells a universal story—

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With a superb cast from novelist Terry Quinn, Katherine Wei's narrative holds readers by its charm, candor and freshness. . . A wonderfully revealing portrait of the lives of the wealthy elite of Old China.—*Publishers Weekly*

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Second Daughter

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Katherine Wei and Terry Quinn

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American Scene

Peckinpaugh's crewmen talk like neighbors who have not seen one another for a while. Walker reports that the man who used to be in charge of the next lock, No. 22, died within the past month. Kaldefoss reports that he hopes to make a few more trips before ice closes the canal system around the end of November. Both men wonder how long it will be before the state of New York, which is spending in excess of \$25 million a year to maintain the barge canal system, decides that it can no longer afford to do so.

Their concern is understandable. When it was first opened in 1825 by Governor DeWitt Clinton, the canal provided the only practical way of hauling cargo across New York. For decades it prospered. But the coming of, first, the railroads, then oil and gas pipelines, eventually turned "Clinton's ditch" into something of an anachronism, and now, traffic on the system is down to a trickle. As recently as 1973, commercial shippers moved a total of 2,548,113 tons of freight on the New York State barge canal system. Last year they moved only 579,777 tons. Shippers have all but abandoned the canals, which still charge no tolls.

Kaldefoss, who has been sailing the Great Lakes and the canals for 30 years, speaks of the decline with sadness, for it is obvious that he loves the canal and the people who live along its banks. He shows his love by a flow of stories, like the one about the old man who used to blow a bugle whenever the *Peckinpaugh* passed, or the one about the elderly woman who still stands at her kitchen window and waves. His first mate, Stewart Gunnlaugsson, chimes in with stories of fogs that can blot out the canal's marker buoys and make navigation impossible and lock keepers who bring the *Peckinpaugh's* crew up to date on the news as they pass through. "Canal people are like a family," he says as the ship sails across 21-mile-long Oneida Lake and swings north into the Oswego River. "We really get to know each other along here."

"We get to appreciate the canal too," says Kaldefoss as the *Peckinpaugh* eases into the first of seven locks that descend, like a giant flight of steps, from the Erie to Lake Ontario. "This is one of the last of the great bargains, and most people don't even know it exists."

This lack of knowledge is unfortunate. The Erie Canal and its tributaries do, in fact, offer something for everyone. The canal system provides shippers with an inexpensive way to move high-bulk goods like sand, cement and asphalt. It gives pleasure boaters a safe way of getting from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. It even offers the salmon who migrate through Lake Ontario an easy way to reach their spawning grounds. "Some salmon still fight the falls," explains Gunnlaugsson. "But the smart ones wait below the locks and go upstream with the boats."

—By Peter Stoler

An Important Health Warning To Women Using An IUD

If you are still using an intra-uterine birth control device (IUD) inserted in the early to mid 1970s, this message is for you. Many women had an IUD called the Dalkon Shield inserted during that time. It is important that each Dalkon Shield be removed, since there is substantial medical opinion that its continued use may pose a serious personal health hazard. If you are still using a Dalkon Shield, A. H. Robins Company will pay your doctor or clinic to remove it.

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The Dalkon Shield

government agencies issued the same advice based on their concern about pelvic infections among Dalkon Shield users.

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WHAT TO DO

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cost to you.

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A man in a light-colored shirt and brown pants sits on a chair on a film set, holding a white megaphone. Behind him, a camera operator is visible, and a large professional camera is mounted on a dolly. The background shows a blurred outdoor scene with people and buildings.

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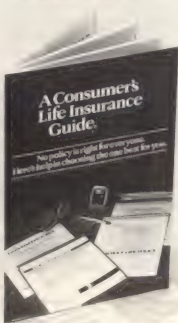
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REAGAN



Smile, Mr. President. It really was stunning. It was supposed to happen, we saw it happening, it happened. Well, Coleridge said that anticipation is more potent than surprise. Even the overwhelming landslide came as no shock, though it may unnerve a country accustomed to contentious opinions to face evidence of such astounding unanimity. We ought to know, then, what this long-anticipated re-election means, what it says about America. Do we know? Mondale supporters suggest that we have become a nation of hedonists and Mammon worshipers. Reaganites, that we want a muscular America and Government off our backs. Does anyone here regard things so simply?

For some reason there has been a tendency to mythologize this campaign, to portray Reagan as an abstract force that has settled at the heart of the country and held it in thrall. Our barefoot boy. Our monarch. Reagan has contributed to this view by being at once highly visible and unreachable, creating a public presence so

pleasantly familiar that it dismisses normal scrutiny; people like to have him around. But people vote for facts as well as feelings. There is nothing abstract about the appeal of lower personal taxes, lower inflation, lower interest rates, of greater national pride, of relative peace in our time. If the majority has chosen current prosperity over a deficit's shadow, how mysterious is that?

There is, too, the fact of Walter Mondale. Admirable as he is, Mondale did not run an effective campaign. He began his quest for the White House on the odd note of promising to raise taxes. Near the end of his campaign, he drove home differences of principle with the Republicans, but the passion came too late. In terms of abstractions, it may be said that Mondale represented the past of Big Government, now seen as less appealing than the past of free enterprise represented by Reagan. But most people recognize such polarities as the stuff of speeches; realism always tugs toward the middle. Reagan beat Mondale because to huge numbers of Americans he simply looked like the better man.

COUNTRY



Whatever else was happening in the election may take longer to assess. Political observers tell us that Reagan makes people happy, and that Americans love to be happy. But where are there people who do not want to be happy, and what proof is there that Americans, more than anyone else, seek happiness at the expense of reality? For that matter, what proof is there that Americans are especially selfish, or that those who preferred Reagan care not a whit for the poor, or are cruising for a war with the Soviets? Most citizens are as generous as they are competitive, and have mixed and turbulent feelings on everything from public education to the arms race. A vote for Reagan hardly settled these matters. One thing may be said of this election: individuals, more than voting blocs, did the electing, and individuals are very private concerns. Reagan's triumph is at once straightforward and paradoxical. He may be an embodiment of the country, but it is a country no one sees clearly.

In a few months most of the scraps from the election will be

left to trivial pursuers. Who said "Where's the beef?" How old is Gary Hartence? Certain things will not be so readily forgotten: Mario Cuomo's keynote address at the Democratic Convention at one extreme, and George Bush's gee-whillikerisms at the other. The television debates—strangely useless and useful—will await their playbacks in 1988. Two forces in American politics certainly will not go away: women and blacks. Two issues, abortion and church and state, will not go away either. It should be interesting to see how they are dealt with outside the shouting matches of a competition for office.

But it will be most interesting to see where the nation settles down these four more years. If it is true that a man with certain principles was elected, and not an established set of values, then a set of values still waits to be established. There is no doubt that Reagan has a grip on the country, but what grip does the country have on itself? So memorable a victory tells us who we wanted. Now, what do we want?

—By Roger Rosenblatt

The Promise: "You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet!"

The President's triumph ranks with the biggest ever

For an utterly predictable election, it managed to generate surprising suspense and even a bit of tension at the very end. Not about who would win, of course, or even whether it might be close; the public opinion polls had pretty well answered that. Rather, the question was whether Ronald Reagan would win re-election by a historic landslide. The verdict came almost the moment the count began: a resounding yes.

On television maps it showed up as a tide of blue (or red, depending on the network) rolling inexorably south to north, east to west, and as a vaulting column of electoral votes for Reagan towering over a

nearly invisible stack for Democratic Challenger Walter Mondale. Partisans on both sides were awestruck. "Embarrassing, just embarrassing," muttered Mondale's campaign manager, Robert Beckel. Democrat Nancy Dick, conceding defeat in her bid for a Senate seat from Colorado, lamented, "My loss is part of a national disaster that our party is suffering." In the Reagan camp, Pollster Richard Wirthlin crowed early in the evening, "If these numbers hold, it's not [just] a landslide. The whole mountain will have moved."

The numbers in the end did not hold up quite that well, but almost. Reagan failed by an eyelash to get the 50-state

sweep he had aimed for, but he carried 49 states, only the second time that has been done (Richard Nixon was first in 1972). Reagan's margin, 525 electoral votes to 13 for Mondale, was exceeded in modern times only by Franklin D. Roosevelt's 523-to-8 crushing of Alf Landon in 1936.* As of Wednesday morning, Reagan was winning 59% of the popular vote, a share not much below Lyndon Johnson's record 61.1% in 1964. Ironically, Reagan came close to the 63% vote garnered two days

*The all-time champs, George Washington got the maximum 69 electoral votes in 1789, and James Monroe in 1820 won 281 electoral votes, to 1 for John Quincy Adams.

■ The 3,000 supporters at the Century Plaza Hotel were noisy, even rowdy. With Nancy at his side, the President recalled that the victory celebration was similar to the one four years before. "Well, you know," he said with a smile, "good habits are hard to break." Then he turned serious. "Tonight is the end of nothing," he said. "It is the beginning of everything."



earlier by the Marxist Sandinistas in a Nicaraguan election that Washington had denounced as rigged. Mondale was left with ten electoral votes from his home state of Minnesota and three from the District of Columbia. His 41% share of the popular vote was little more than Republican Barry Goldwater won in 1964 or Democrat George McGovern in 1972.

The Republican surge was so all embracing as to make almost superfluous the elaborate demographic analyses conducted by political experts. Mondale won an overwhelming percentage of blacks, and thinner majorities among Jewish voters, union households and those earning less than \$10,000 a year. Period. Reagan took everything else, sweeping every imaginable category of voter: young, middle-aged and elderly; low, middle and high income; Protestant and Roman Catholic; professional and blue collar.

Yes, and women too. Before the polls opened, the campaign's chief claim to a place in the history books had been the Democrats' nomination of Geraldine Ferraro for Vice President. But the presence of a woman on a major party's national ticket for the first time did not widen the gender gap. Polls of people leaving the voting booths indicated that some 54% of female voters pulled the lever for Reagan. That did not quite match the Republican's crushing 62% support among male voters. But it indicated that if the election

had been conducted solely among women, Reagan would still have won—big.

If there was any modulation of Republican joy, and any consolation for Democrats, it was that the President did not demonstrate much of a coattail pull. The G.O.P. retained control of the Senate as expected, but suffered a net loss of two seats from its pre-election 55-to-45 majority. In the House, Republicans did not come close to recapturing the 26 seats they lost to Democrats in the 1982 midterm election; Wednesday-morning projections gave them a net gain of ten to 15. That would not only keep the Democrats in control of the lower chamber; it might deny Reagan the "ideological majority" of Republicans and conservative Democrats that he enjoyed in the first two years of his term.

On the presidential level, though, Reagan's sweep was emphatic enough at least to raise the question: Might this be the realigning election that could make the Republican candidate, whoever he or she may be, the favorite in future contests for the White House? There is not much hard evidence. The percentage of voters identifying themselves in exit polls as Republicans did rise about five points from 1980, but still was only about 35%. There were some indications, however, that realignment is at least a possibility, given a suc-

cessful Reagan second term. The election destroyed the long-held assumption that an increase in voting automatically favors the Democrats. The total vote on Tuesday rose only to a projected 89.3 million, from 86.5 million in 1980; the percentage of those eligible who actually cast ballots fell to 51.4% from 52.6% four years ago. Nonetheless, most of the new voters obviously went to Reagan. On top of that, the President won nearly two-thirds of the votes cast by youths 18 to 24, his highest margin in any age group and something of a new constituency for the Republicans.

There was no question what the election said about the national mood. For the first time in at least a dozen years, Americans were voting *for* rather than *against*. They were not necessarily approving Reagan's conservative ideology, though that ideology holds more sway than anyone could have guessed even in 1980, or rewarding his engaging personality, attractive though it obviously is. Above all they were expressing satisfaction with what has become a rarity in American politics: what seems to be a successful presidency, in terms of economic growth and national strength and pride, especially in contrast to the turbulent terms that preceded it. Said Edward Reilly, a Boston-based pollster who conducted national research for Mondale: "The status quo with Reagan was preferable to the risk of going back to Carter-Mondale. There was

Piling Up the Electoral Votes

REAGAN: 525



MONDALE: 13*



Time Chart

*Washington, D.C., and Minnesota

Election '84

no compelling reason to leave Reagan." The very notion of having a President serve two terms might have proved significant to many voters.

Mondale bowed to overwhelming defeat with dignity and grace. After voting near his home in North Oaks, Minn., he traveled to St. Paul for dinner at the Radisson Plaza Hotel with his campaign staff. Said his press secretary, Maxine Isaacs: "It was not a weepy scene at all, just quiet." The Democratic challenger then secluded himself to write the concession speech he delivered to a sparse crowd of 1,000 at the St. Paul Civic Center. Over some shouts of "No!" Mondale, his face at times mournful but his voice steady, said Reagan "is our President, and we honor him tonight. This choice was made peac-

of those where the bed is up on a platform. During the middle of the night she got cold, and there was an extra cover in the room; she got up and forgot all about the platform. The next step there was nothing there, and she did a header into a chair. She has got quite an egg concealed under her hairdo." The First Lady was stoic with reporters. Said she: "My bump is gone. I feel fine."

The Reagans watched election returns on four television sets in a suite at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles. They were driven to the Los Angeles home of Businessman Earle Jorgensen, a longtime friend, for dinner and returned to the Century Plaza for an elaborate victory celebration just as the polls closed at 8 p.m.

last Thursday. Reagan gathered into his entourage most of his closest aides, including some who have been campaigning with him, in California and nationally, for 20 years. Their exultation was mixed with a note of melancholy: this was the last hurrah.

Reagan's five-day, eleven-state, 16-city tour had obviously been mapped out in the belief that his re-election was a certainty and a 50-state sweep highly possible. Reagan invaded Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania, where he would never have gone at the end of a campaign that looked at all close; he could have won easily without them, but hoped to deny Mondale the electoral votes of the few states that the Democrat seemed to have a chance of carrying. The President even added a brief, unscheduled foray into Mondale's Minnesota just to demonstrate, as he put it, that "we have never written off any state." Crowds wherever he went got the point: they took to chanting, "Fifty states!"



■ Nancy Reagan and her husband at Veterans Memorial Building in Solvang, Calif.

Everywhere, Reagan urged his listeners to vote on Election Day. As he put it to a crowd of 10,000 in the War Memorial Arena in Rochester: "The polls are scaring me to death because I have a feeling that maybe some people are looking at them and saying, 'Oh, we don't have to go and vote. It's all over.' Well, President Dewey told me to tell you that isn't true." The crowd answered with shouts of "Four more years!" At every stop Reagan also worked in a plug for Republican senatorial and congressional candidates.

En route to California for the last day of the campaign, Reagan got a briefing from Pollster Richard Wirthlin, who illustrated the latest survey results with a colored map. States were tinted to show not who was leading but the size of the President's margin: blue for 20 points or more (25 states); red for 10 to 20 points (21 states); green for 5 to 10 points (four states); orange for fewer than 5 (one state, Iowa). Only Minnesota was left white to indicate no lead—and even there, Wirthlin's polls showed the President and Mondale neck and neck. As it turned out, Wirthlin's map was remarkably precise. After his briefing from the pollster, the President played Trivial Pursuit with aides. His fabled luck held to the end: he drew one question asking who said, "I am the Errol Flynn of B movies." Reagan replied correctly, "I did."

The campaign finale was a rally Monday night in the same San Diego shopping mall in which Reagan closed his 1980 drive. It was a Reagan classic. The President's speech was laced with lines from his past orations, barbs at Mondale, patriotic uplift. As he finished, fireworks erupted, skydivers using para-sails descended, thousands of red, white and blue balloons rose to meet them.

Mondale, in contrast, appeared in the

fully, with dignity and with majesty... We rejoice in the freedom of a wonderful people, and we accept their verdict."

The man who had received that verdict was the picture of joy Tuesday, though there was one slight pall. His wife Nancy was still suffering dizziness after a fall Sunday night at a hotel in Sacramento. She joined the President on a helicopter trip to vote in Solvang, Calif., but tottered as they left the polling place. Then her knees buckled as she climbed down the helicopter steps in Santa Monica on the way back to Los Angeles. Reagan and a Secret Service agent grabbed her arm to keep her from falling.

During an interview with TIME on Tuesday afternoon, Reagan said, "I'm kind of concerned. She feels a little unsteady. She really hurt herself in the middle of the night [Sunday]. The hotel is one

The President was greeted by 3,000 flag-waving supporters who surged through the hotel ballroom. The First Family formed a line on the stage, with Reagan looking buoyant but his wife still tentative in her movements. "It seems we did this four years ago," quipped Reagan, recalling his 1980 celebration in the same room. Then he turned serious, reciting a familiar list of accomplishments: lower inflation, more jobs, cuts in Government spending, strengthened military forces. "But our work isn't finished," he said. "Tonight is the end of nothing; it's the beginning of everything." He closed with his standard rally-ending line: "You ain't seen nothin' yet!"

It was a cry that had resounded constantly through the final week of the campaign, foreshadowing the sweep to come. For his closing swing, beginning in Boston

last few days to be a campaigner who was trying merely to make the result respectable. At a Monday rally in downtown Los Angeles, he unashamedly asked the crowd of 10,000 to help him avoid a shut-out. Said Mondale: "Either we will make history or they will make history. Mr Reagan understands that. That's why he is calling for a clean sweep. Now if they make history, they'll claim a historic mandate. So before you vote, just pause a moment and think about it." On Monday, he flew to St. Paul to await what his staff knew would be grim news.

Did the last-minute campaign pleas matter? In fact, did the entire campaign make any difference? In hindsight, the result seemed almost preordained. The election was dominated, first to last, by four Ps: Prosperity, Peace, Patriotism and Personality. An incumbent running at a time of low inflation, rising incomes and employment, and absence of wrenching foreign crises would have been difficult to defeat no matter what. When, in addition, the incumbent happened to be a master television performer adept at stirring feelings of patriotic pride, matched against an often plodding campaigner deeply wounded by a bitter primary fight in his own party—well, the ingredients for a landslide were present from the start.

Perhaps the deepest analysis of the campaign, indeed, is also the simplest: nothing ever happened to shake the sunny optimism and patriotic fervor Reagan has spent four years inspiring. Democrats thundered about the dangers of deficits and a nuclear-arms race, but they never raised serious doubts about Reagan's leadership. The President did not even spell out a program for his second term: it was enough to assert that "America is back, standing tall" and ask crowds repeatedly, "Are you better off than you were four years ago?" They invariably roared back "Yes!" They did the same with their votes on Tuesday.

Says Reagan's campaign chairman, Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt: "In modern political history, no one has ever had a firmer base of support over a matter of months. It has been a wall of granite." A Mondale strategist offers the same fundamental analysis. Says he: "The President's favorability rating in the polls stayed at about 60% throughout the election. The voters stayed put."

The outcome did not seem so inevitable at the start of the year, though. Despite his winning personality, Reagan throughout his political career has been a polarizing figure who stirs strong antipathy as well as fervent support. Reagan Strategist Stuart Spencer describes the President as "an ideological incumbent who broke a lot of china as he rearranged the nation's priorities over the course of four years." Indeed, the President's advisers early in the year estimated the hardcore anti-Reagan vote at 40% of the electorate; that and the fact that more people still identify themselves as Democrats than as Republicans seemed to give any

prospective opponent a launching pad for a strong challenge.

By luck or design—or surely a combination of both—1984 was simply Ronald Reagan's year. The economy did not slow visibly until the end of the campaign, and even now the significance of that slowdown is debatable. The Soviets, seemingly immobilized by yet another change in Kremlin leadership, did not provoke any major incidents. And the glorious Olympics worked for Reagan: it intensified national pride and gave birth to the chant of "U.S.A." that later resounded through Republican rallies.

Meanwhile, the Democrats were absorbed in a bitter nomination battle that did not end until June. When they did pick their candidate, it was the one the Republicans had been hoping to oppose. For all

rambling and unfocused performance briefly raised the one issue his aides had not prepared to counter: his age and competence. But it lasted only until the second debate, on Oct. 21. The President once more looked confident and vigorous, the slight Mondale rise in the polls promptly reversed itself. Reagan cruised to the finish line.

The question for Reagan—and the nation—now will be how he intends to capitalize on his enormous victory. Some of his advisers plan to urge a round of attention-getting appearances, a sort of post-election campaign, to keep the momentum going. They will also suggest a quick start on putting together a budget and domestic program to deal with the ominous federal deficit, a task that cannot be put off for very long. The President in the early hours of his victory talked about a possible summit with Soviet lead-



■ All in the family: Mondale and Daughter Eleanor, Ferraro and Daughter Laura

his experience and intelligence, Mondale came closest to symbolizing what Reagan incessantly portrayed as "the failed Democratic policies of the past."

Once the campaign proper began, there were only two occasions on which Reagan's big lead seemed in any danger. According to some polls, including *Wirthlin's*, it nearly disappeared for a few days after the Democratic Convention in July, partly because of excitement over the historic nomination of Ferraro. But if she had much effect on the final vote, it could not be demonstrated from Tuesday's returns. At the end, Ferraro's admirers were reduced to contending that Mondale would have lost even more disastrously with a male running mate.

The Democrats revived only once, immediately after the first Reagan-Mondale debate on Oct. 7. Reagan's

ers and even a December trip to Asia.

Fundamentally, though, Reagan has not yet devoted a great deal of thought to his second term and that very fact points to a personal problem that is also a national concern. The President has always been more absorbed in selling his ideas than in setting policy, more comfortable campaigning than governing. But now his campaigning days are over; for the first time in his political life there is no election to look forward to. By judging his presidency a rousing success so far, the voters have in effect given him a standing ovation on Election Day. History will render its verdict according to how well Ronald Reagan confronts the hard job of running the country over the next four years.

—By George J. Church. Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and Laurence I. Barrett and Douglas Brew with the President

Every Region, Every Age Group, Almost Every Voting Bloc

How a coast-to-coast victory was forged

It was not exactly a total shutout. Walter Mondale did exhibit pockets of strength in the older, industrial cities, and he won among blacks, Jews and people earning less than \$10,000 a year. But the true importance of the 1984 election was not simply Ronald Reagan's overwhelming electoral total. It was the profound demographic shifts that helped account for his landslide. An analysis of the President's virtually unprecedented avalanche of support shows that he swept not only

to 24 by 55% to 45%. Reagan won New York's Italian vote by a stunning 63% to 37%, despite the presence of an Italian American from New York, Geraldine Ferraro, on the Democratic ticket. Even 28% of New York's self-described liberals voted for Reagan.

In the Midwest, hit hardest by the 1981-82 recession, many traditional Democrats went for Reagan, convinced that his programs deserved credit for the economic recovery. "I've always voted Democratic,

Florida, the Republicans outregistered the Democrats 450,000 to 225,000.

The real story of the South was white flight from the Democratic Party. Southern whites voted for Reagan by 71% to 29%. Many Southerners continued to vote Democratic for state and local candidates, but they saw Mondale as a buttoned-up Northerner who had sold out to Big Labor. Lamented Georgia Democratic State Chairman Bert Lance: "The Democrats have been on the wrong side of all the issues."

In addition, Ferraro appears to have turned off both male and female Southerners, many of whom are not ready for a woman Veep, much less a fast-talking one from Queens. "She made the South ours," declared Reagan's political director Edward Rollins. Said Florence Robinson of Memphis: "I'm a liberated woman, but I don't think a woman should be running things in Washington."

No Democrat has ever won the White House without winning Texas, and Mondale lost it by 28 points. He made an early push in the Lone-Star State, staging an impressive registration drive that claimed half a million new voters. But the Republicans countered, adding 400,000 to their rolls. Reagan made significant inroads into the Hispanic vote, winning 36%.

Once again, the West was a monolith for the Republicans. To Westerners, Reagan rides tall in the saddle. Mondale, on the other hand, "is the perfect reflection of the left wing of the Democratic Party," says Arizona's Democratic Governor Bruce Babbitt. Mondale thought he had an outside chance of picking off the President's home state, California, by forging a coalition of women, Hispanics, blacks and supporters of a nuclear freeze. He hoped that Reagan's embrace of Moral Majority Leader Jerry Falwell would not sit well in a state known for its liberal life-style. The Democrats signed up 660,000 new voters and spent \$4 million on a media blitz. But Reagan won by 16 percentage points. Mondale did not fare as well among California Hispanics as he had hoped; according to an ABC exit poll, he beat Reagan by only 62% to 34%. Even 13% of California's blacks chose Reagan.

In 1980, NBC exit polls showed that Reagan did worse among voters ages 18 to 24 than he did with any other age group, splitting them evenly with Carter at 44%. On Tuesday young voters went 60% to 40% for Reagan. What changed their minds? A University of Alabama student leader may have answered at a Reagan rally last month when he declared, "Mr. President, we feel with you in office that when we graduate, we can get a job."

Voters between the ages of 25 and 34 also went heavily for Reagan, 56% to 44%. The much courted yuppie vote was solidly Republican too. As many self-described young professionals chose Reagan (67% to 32%) as did self-described born-again Christians (69% to 31%). Like their



■ Lining up to vote in Rhode Island: high on Reagan's leadership

every region of the country but every age group and almost every demographic voting bloc. Reagan captured most new voters as well as those for whom voting Democratic had been a lifelong tradition. He won most cities and towns, almost every suburb, and swamped his opponent in rural areas. Indeed, he won where few Republicans have ever won before.

The Northeast and industrial Midwest were supposed to form the geographic base for the liberal Democratic ticket. But exit polls there signaled a pattern that would be repeated across the country: Mondale could not win the voting groups he had to carry to defeat Reagan.

In New Jersey, blue-collar voters went for Reagan 57% to 43%, according to NBC's exit polls. In Pennsylvania, Reagan beat Mondale among voters ages 18

but this time I'm a Reagan man," said Ron Firmite, a butcher from Sawyer, Mich. "Everybody in my family is working now, and so is everybody I know who wants to work. That's a big change from a few years ago." In Illinois, the warring Democratic factions of Chicago Mayor Harold Washington and Cook County Party Boss Edward Vrdolyak reached a fragile truce but were still unable to deliver the way the late Mayor Richard Daley once did.

In the South, Mondale was counting on a huge black vote to make Dixie Democratic once again. Inspired in large part by Jesse Jackson's oratory ("Hands that picked cotton can now pick Presidents"), new black voters did register Democratic in record numbers. But the Republicans had added as many other new voters to their rolls and, in some states, more. In

The heart-stopping, traffic-stopping, stop-them-in-their-tracks Celica GT-S. It could get by on its sleek silhouette alone. But like all true beauties, there's more to *this* car.

Every sporty inch is aerodynamically geared to *drive*. Front air dam, retractable headlamps, even sculpted side mirrors help to slice the wind with a drag coefficient of only .34! And this year, when the impatient 2.4 liter Electronically Fuel Injected SOHC engine comes to life, there'll be eleven new horses waiting to make you feel as good as you look.



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Election '84

younger siblings, those ages 25 to 34 are less likely to be bound by party identification. Indeed, the election showed that those born during and after the baby boom are very much up for grabs in every election.

Richard Wirthlin, the President's pollster, says that it is wrong to ascribe Reagan's support among younger voters solely to economic self-interest. According to Wirthlin, surveys show that foreign policy was an even more important issue to them. Although they expressed their concerns about the arms race, Reagan came out ahead in their minds as the candidate who could better deal with the Soviet Union.

Mondale courted senior citizens by warning that Reagan would cut their Social Security and Medicare benefits. But on Tuesday the over-65s went for Reagan 61% to 39%. The fact that Reagan, 73, is the oldest man ever elected President did not seem to bother voters. Just 10% cited his age as a significant issue, fewer than in 1980.

Only blacks voted overwhelmingly for Mondale, choosing him by 91% to 9%. To some black political strategists, that is ominous news. They fear the Democratic Party will move sharply to the right in order to recover all the other voting groups that have forsaken it. Says Ronald Walters, a Howard University political scientist who was Jesse Jackson's deputy campaign manager: "There will not be many people left who are willing to listen to the concerns of the Rainbow Coalition."

Another traditionally Democratic constituency, Jewish voters, opted for Mondale by 65% to 35%, and Hispanics sided with him by 69% to 31%. Mondale also picked up three-quarters of those who had voted for Independent John Anderson in 1980. Union members, who once marched as a Democratic phalanx, split almost evenly. Reagan's 47% support among union households represented a 5-point improvement over his 1980 total.

The gender gap? Women chose Reagan over Mondale by 55% to 45%, while men went for the President by 64% to 36%. From the beginning, Mondale's weakest support was among white males. "The problem was leadership," says Edward Reilly, a Boston-based pollster who did extensive surveys for Mondale. "Mondale became the candidate who kowtowed to special interests. Men thought he was saying to them, 'I'm going to take something away from you, white males, and give it to someone else.'"

Geraldine Ferraro appears to have hurt Mondale at the polls more than she helped him, even with women. Overall, 16% of those polled by NBC said they were more likely to vote Democratic because of her, while 26% said they were less likely; the rest said she made no difference. Among women, 24% said her presence on



■ For Reagan: a New Jersey yuppie

the ticket made them less likely to vote Democratic, 19% more likely. Roman Catholics chose Reagan by 56% to 44%; in 1980, Reagan took the Catholic vote by only 47% to 43%. Republican strategists believe Ferraro, a Catholic, lost votes by tangling with the Catholic bishops over abortion.

The more voters earned, the more likely they were to vote for Reagan, according to ABC's exit polls. Only among the very poor did Mondale win big. Those earning less than \$5,000 a year chose the Democrat by 69% to 31%, while those in the \$5,000-to-\$10,000 range supported Mondale 53% to 46%. Voters earning between \$10,000 and \$20,000 went for Reagan by 52% to 48%, and those who made more than \$20,000 annually gave him a lopsided 68% to 32%.

Americans have always voted their pocketbooks, and this election was no exception. A full 49% said they were better off today than they were four years ago; not surprisingly, 84% of those voters went



■ ... and a California senior citizen

for Reagan. Only 20% said they were worse off, and 85% of them voted for Mondale. "People see things around them are better, and they give Reagan credit for it," says Pollster Wirthlin.

One of Mondale's first moves was to level with voters and tell them that if elected, he would raise taxes to cut the deficit. His candor cost him. About a quarter of voters cited the potential of a tax increase as their reason for voting against Mondale. Interestingly, 55% said that the next President will probably have to raise taxes, but 43% of them voted for Reagan anyway, even though he has pledged not to seek a tax hike. The only issue that seems to have cut against Reagan was military spending. One in five voters cited it as the main factor influencing their votes, and 61% of those voted for Mondale.

Leadership was the determining issue for 28% of voters, and 83% of them chose Reagan. Asked what they disliked most about Mondale, more Reagan voters (40%) cited his being a "weak leader" than any other factor. Asked what they liked about Mondale, voters more often cited "fairness" (48%) than any other quality.

The Democrats had counted on a massive turnout to propel Mondale into the White House. Early signs indicated that the turnout actually dropped slightly, continuing a 24-year trend. And despite the well-publicized registration efforts of Democrats, new voters went overwhelmingly for Reagan by 61% to 39%.

The scope of Reagan's support among all groups and regions is profoundly disquieting to Democrats. It could in fact be the death knell for the Democratic majority forged during the New Deal. But does it herald a new era of Republican dominance? Even though 38% of the electorate still call themselves Democrats, the exit polls did show an increase in the percentage of voters identifying themselves as Republicans, from 27% in 1980 to 32% in this election. Perhaps more important, more of those under 24 now use the Republican than the Democratic label.

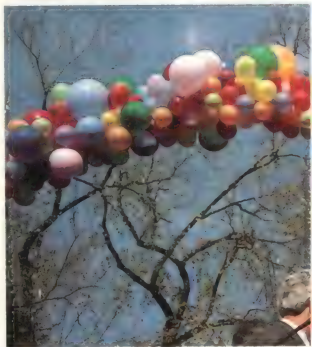
Many voters were clearly casting their ballots for Ronald Reagan the man, not for the Republican Party. Said Vincent Rakowitz, 65, a retired brewery worker from San Antonio: "He really isn't like a Republican. He's more like an American, which is what we really need." The real message of Tuesday's vote—particularly from young voters who hold the key to future elections—may be that no political party can count on any group's automatic allegiance any more. A candidate with national appeal can win an election without catering to the interests of individual voting blocs. "Reagan does not have to target a set of issues for blue-collar workers, a program for Hispanics or women," says Pollster Wirthlin. "He appeals to all Americans." —By Evan Thomas. Reported by Joseph N. Boyce/Atlanta and John E. Yang/Washington, with other bureaus

“A national campaign is better than the best circus.”

—H.L. MENCKEN

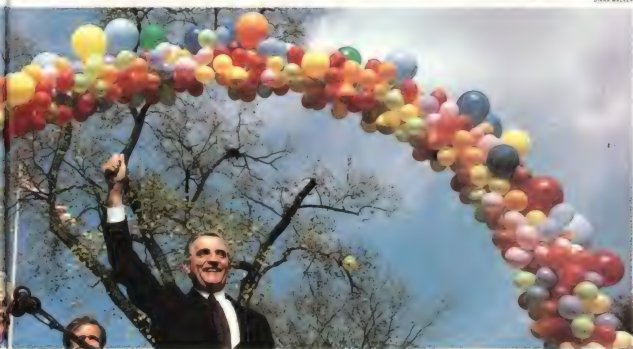
Monarchies spill over with ceremonies. Democracies use so few, and ours tend to look like Abbott and Costello movies, a cross between bacchanals and pajama parties. Where is the dignity in a presidential election campaign? Where are the issues of substance? Let us consider the matter with deep seriousness as the red, white and blue balloons shower down on our funny hats and a tuba ooms in our ears. More noise, please. (Is this your baby, madam? Extraordinary. Of course, I'll kiss him . . . her.)

Yet there must be something to these inelegant pep rallies, some reason millions of normal citizens jump up and down in town halls and public squares, and shout themselves hoarse for candidates they can barely hear, saying things they all have heard before. Go get 'im, Fritz! Four more years! Maybe they're cheering the system. Maybe they're cheering themselves. Odd to think that at the center of the orgy lies the center of the country, the nation's history and reason for being resuscitated and kept alive in the tooting of a horn. On the following pages observe several revelers and their leaders in the midst of a process of continuity at once so corny and sublime we can hardly explain it to ourselves. But here we are.





DANA WALKER



■ "Maybe the people have a way of sensing that I like them. And I do." —**Reagan**

■ "What I'm telling you is that I am ready to be President now." —**Mondale**



■ "Anyone who's wise enough to pick . . . Geraldine Ferraro for Vice President should be the next President of the U.S." —**Mondale**

DICK HAUSTEAD



DIANA WALKER



HALLSTEAD



■ "We've had, in these last few months, a wonderful experience. We have met young America. We have met your sons and daughters." —**Reagan**

■ "We're dealing with real problems, and we want real answers. This is not Hollywood." —**Mondale**

■ "There's an expression you have down this way that I like. You don't just score victories—you whomp 'em." —**Reagan**



SHIRAZ HADJIPIERIS

WALTON



■ "This has become a battle for the soul of the party and for the future of this country." —**Mondale**

■ "America's best days are yet to come. You ain't seen nothin' yet." —**Reagan**

■ "I have shown that I have the guts and the steel necessary to fight back under tough circumstances." —**Mondale**



■ "Here is our pledge to you. We're going to turn over to you an America that is free and a world that is at peace." —Reagan

An Interview with the President

Reagan talks about the campaign, political shifts and a second term

During the final eight days of the 1984 election campaign, Ronald Reagan met twice with the editors of TIME for exclusive interviews. The first occasion was in the Oval Office, the second in Los Angeles' Century Plaza Hotel on the afternoon of his election victory. At both sessions he was filled with zest and optimism as he talked of where he felt America stood today and what might be achieved in his second term. Excerpts:

Q. A lot of people have said that this election may bring a political realignment in America. Do you think that is so?

A. I've gotten superstitious about talking about things of that kind. But I do believe that there has been a realignment in the sense of political philosophy. Some of the things that we have tried to do in the economy have gained support. There is less of that great division between the two parties philosophically. Not the leadership; the Democratic leadership clings to the old tax-and-tax and spend-and-spend philosophies. But I think there are people out there, that, regardless of affiliation, want a return to a free economy and less Government invasion of their lives and their businesses. Whether that could make for a political realignment, or whether we are going to see some basic changes in the philosophy of the parties—that too could happen. Some people stay where they are in their own party, but they make their party go in a different direction.

Q. What can be done to encourage that process in a second term?

A. Continue our program of reducing the intrusiveness of Government, reducing the rate of increase in Government spending, have tax policies that provide incentive for growth in the economy and let the people see that, to their surprise, it works.

Q. Do you view a second four years as primarily an opportunity to fine-tune what you have already accomplished, or do you think there is a chance for more large steps in the direction of your goals?

A. That is like asking a quarterback who has taken the team from his own ten-yard line down to the opposing team's 20-yard line is he going to change his game plan? No. It's working. We started out to reduce the size of Government. We started out to provide the incentives, taxwise, that would create economic growth and reduce unemployment. We started out to rebuild our defenses and then to actively seek arms reductions. Those are still our policies.

Q. Is tax reform the biggest specific domestic goal?

A. Oh no, I think it's a very important one and I think it has been a long time coming. When you have a system that can have at least \$100 billion that is not being collected from people who legitimately owe it—there's a flaw. [Tax reform] is a part of the whole economic problem that faces us. I think we've made a

good start and this is a case now of going further with it. One thing, above all, I won't stand still for anything under the guise of reform that is just another way of saying a tax increase.

Q. In your U.N. speech in September, you made the point very vigorously about your desire for genuine arms reduction. Do you envision much more time and energy being focused on that?

A. We are going to devote whatever time it takes to bring that about. We do not give in to the idea that the Soviet Union walked away permanently from those negotiations. And I just happen to believe that we cannot go into another generation with the world living under the threat of those weapons and knowing that some madman can push the button some place. It doesn't even have to be one of the superpowers. A war could probably be triggered, as nuclear weapons proliferate, by someone else doing it.

My hope has been, and my dream, that we can get the Soviet Union to join us in starting verifiable reductions of the weapons. Once you start down that road, they've got to see how much better off we would both be if we got rid of them entirely. And then, if the two great powers turned to the rest of the world and said: "Now look, we've done it—come on. Even if it's only one or two you've got tucked away someplace, let's get rid of them."

Q. Have you seen any signs from the Soviets that they are ready to come back to the negotiating table?

A. I think the very fact of my meeting with [Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei] Gromyko means there hasn't been any outcry on their part that they won't. They have even made some proposals to us. It is true that when we agreed with one of them, they did not take yes for an answer. But I am optimistic and I believe that they, themselves, are concerned with where this is all going.

Q. In your weeks of campaigning, what did you see that perhaps surprised you in its intensity or its direction?

A. I have been emotionally moved by, first of all, the very spirit and optimism and feeling of the country, the pride that you see now. Not too many years ago, while I was Governor of California, the campuses were burning down, the ROTC buildings and so forth. Even the adults were not very happy about our country. Now there is a rebirth of patriotism. There is a pride in the country that is so evident. The other thing, of course, is their feeling about the economy, that we're back, that they can hope again and they can have ambition. I wasn't quite prepared for this feeling. I think it began for me at the opening ceremonies of the Olympics; to look down at those volunteers putting on that magnificent show. And from that it has just snowballed.

Q. A prominent Republican leader said off the record that for the party to hold on to what he thinks will be a great victory in this election, it

“There is a rebirth of patriotism. There is a pride in the country that is so evident.”



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WINDSOR
CANADA'S SMOOTHEST WHISKY.

Election '84

will have to be seen as more compassionate, stand for less selfishness than some people believe it now does. Does that make sense to you?

A. We have been compassionate. All of these stories about throwing the people out into the snow or throwing them off the school lunch programs—they're just plain lies. We're spending more money on food than our predecessors were. What we have done is, we found that some of the programs were not able to do all they should for the truly needy because they were so busy also helping some people that really should not be getting help from their neighbors. So what we did was redirect [aid].

Q. During this campaign, every poll showed a split along white-black lines and poor-vs.-affluent lines. Are you concerned that blacks and the poor feel that your Administration has not done them any good?

A. I know they feel that way, but I also know that there are some pretty knowledgeable blacks who don't feel that way and who know the true story. Sometimes I suspect there are leaders of pressure groups and interest groups who are very concerned about keeping their very cushy jobs, and they can keep those jobs better if they can keep their constituents unhappy and believing that there is a cause. But of the 6 million jobs [created] in these last 21 months, 1 million have gone to blacks.

Q. Your nomination in 1980 ended a long ideological split within your party, and your political success since then has kept that down. But at the Dallas convention we began to see the feud revive. Is it going to be possible to keep the party together philosophically? Or as you get into a lame-duck situation, will we see the feud revive?

A. I think there is a fringe, maybe two fringes out there, but they are fringes. I think there is a mainstream Republican Party that is very united around the type of thing that we have been advocating, and there is not any quarrel with them on wanting us to go forward on what we are doing. But I think there is a fringe that, yes, that is down a liberal side, and you can usually look at their voting record and find out that they don't very often support us. But there is also a fringe up at the other side. And that fringe, I know as a fact, as far back as 1976 tried to solicit some of us and wanted to get a third party started. So I don't think they are supporters that abandoned us. They were never with us.

Q. About your new supporters, the young—will that trend grow?

A. Oh, I hope so. That has been one of the most thrilling things, particularly for someone like myself with a background of being hung in effigy a few times [on campuses] back in my Governor days. It is just amazing.

The funny thing is, they are kind of practical about it. Oh, there is a patriotism, no question. But I asked a young lady that I sat down beside at a kind of picnic lunch on one of these campaign things—I said, well tell me, what has brought your generation to this point? She laid it right out hard and fast: economics. She said, next year I'm going to be looking for a job and we see that now there's something happening in which there's a future out there for us. Earlier, people were telling us there wasn't any and it didn't look too good for us. Now we like what we see.

Q. Prairie fire, that marvelous phrase you used as Governor in 1967, you used it again this week. That's another way of talking about political realignment or sea-change. Is that what's happening out there with your re-election—a sea-change? Is it bigger than Ronald Reagan?

A. California was a perfect imitator of what was happening at the federal level—the runaway spending, the runaway Government authority, more and more intrusiveness. I think in a way there has been some prairie fire that has reached the banks of the Potomac. I think what we're seeing out there—I've never taken it personally—is a lot of people who more and more felt the hand of Government on their shoulder, more and more awareness that Government was getting unmanageable and beyond their control and certainly unmanageable as to cost. I think this is what's happened. The people have seen an opening and they've said "Yes, let's carry it through." I don't think the people, having seen that changes could be made, are suddenly going to turn around and walk away and let the Big Government advocates creep back in and put everything back in place.

Q. There has been some speculation that you would consider, midway through a second term, stepping down and letting George Bush carry it forward.

A. I don't know where that came from. It was a surprise to me. No, I haven't considered anything of the kind [chuckling].

Q. And wouldn't?

A. And wouldn't.

Q. How has it felt to be running your last campaign for public office?

A. Well, there can't help but be some relief in that. Because it's a hard road. I only had one previous experience of running as an incumbent, where you've got the job to do as well as campaign. And I have to tell you, being the challenger is a lot easier.

Q. A little regret along with the relief?

A. No. Maybe if I were a younger man... No, I've had my day. It's not over yet, but when it is... I think that will be it.

Q. You rarely talk about what you feel about being President. What have you found most satisfying as President? Or disappointing?

A. The frustrating and the disappointing thing is trying to get the ponderous wheels of the legislative process in motion on things that you feel desperately need to be done. The other one, maybe, comes down to smaller things—the ability sometimes to have brought to your attention an individual case and to be able to do something about it. To rectify some injustice. Those are wonderful and rewarding moments.

Q. Surely getting the 25% tax reduction must have been rewarding.

A. Oh, yes. Oh, yes. With things like that you go back upstairs feeling ten feet tall. You've actually made something come true.

Q. You must feel ten feet tall today.

A. I do.

“We cannot go into another generation with the world living under the [nuclear] threat.”

A Preview of the Reagan Revolution, Part Two

Arms control and tax reform are likely to share the spotlight

As Ronald Reagan cruised along on his campaign of good feeling this fall, he was vexingly imprecise about his plans for a second term. He extolled peace and prosperity, but he offered few specific proposals for reducing the deficit or controlling the nuclear arms race.

Reagan tried to explain away his vagueness with folksy humility. "I'm kind of superstitious," he shrugged; he did not want to appear complacent by looking beyond Election Day. Given his large and unwavering lead in the polls, few were convinced. Walter Mondale, for one, charged that the President was concealing a "secret plan" to raise taxes.

In truth, Reagan has no specific plan, secret or otherwise. He has yet to discuss his future moves in any detail, even with his advisers. They say he feels no real sense of urgency; Reagan believes Reaganism has worked well and needs few refinements. But there are certain to be major new initiatives, most likely involving arms control and tax reform.

Reagan has always sounded broad themes and relied on his advisers to put them into practice. In his second term the players will probably remain essentially unchanged, at least for the first year. But several key advisers are vying for position.

Reagan's aides are divided into two camps. The True Believers—White House Counsellor Ed Meese, Interior Secretary and former National Security Adviser William Clark, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger—want to continue pressing a hard line against Communism and giving free rein to supply-side economics. The Pragmatists—White House Chief of Staff James A. Baker, Deputy Chief Michael Deaver, Presidential Aide Richard Darman, Budget Director David Stockman and Secretary of State George Shultz—see the top priorities as reducing the deficit and reaching an arms-control accord with the Soviets.

With Meese probably heading off to become Attorney General, Baker will make a play to consolidate the Pragmatists' control of the White House. This week he plans to ask Reagan to abolish Meese's old Counsellor job. Baker wants to prevent Reagan from putting a True Believer into the spot. He is particularly eager to stop U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick from moving into a newly created role as counselor for foreign policy. Baker feels so strongly about this that if Reagan does not go along, he may submit his resignation.

The True Believers are already plot-

ting to move Kirkpatrick into the post of National Security Adviser, now held by Robert ("Bud") McFarlane. But Shultz is opposed to such a switch. He regards Kirkpatrick as too hard-line and erratic. He would prefer to retain McFarlane, who is an ally and has a low profile. Shultz may get his wish. A close friend of Reagan's says, "I see the President relying on McFarlane more and more. I don't think Bud is going anywhere."

The key policy decisions of the next four years could turn on such maneuvering for Reagan's ear. As in the past several years, the sharpest domestic debate will be over the federal deficit, and it will begin as soon as the new Congress convenes.

Most mainstream economists see annual deficits soaring over \$200 billion before the end of Reagan's term. Earlier this summer the White House Pragmatists thought they had convinced Reagan that a revenue increase was necessary. But then Treasury's Regan, a recent supply-side convert, told Reagan what he wanted to hear: that economic growth and spend-

ing restraints would suffice to bring down the deficits—without a tax hike. Reagan might, however, go along with a tax increase in exchange for reform of the tax system, now widely perceived as unfair. For Washington lobbyists, tax reform means Apocalypse. They will be fighting not just for their clients' loopholes but for their own livelihoods. The deficit debate promises to be an epic struggle, with profound implications for the nation's well-being (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*).

Last term Reagan's top priority was the economy. This term, say his aides, it will be foreign policy, particularly working out an arms-control agreement with the Soviets. A preview of the Reagan Revolution, Act II:

Arms Control. U.S.-Soviet relations remain at their lowest ebb since the Cuban missile crisis in 1962. A year ago, the Soviets walked out of the two major arms-control negotiations in Geneva, one aimed at reducing strategic weapons (START), the other at cutting back intermediate-range forces in Europe (INF). Existing arms-control agreements remain unratified (SALT II), others are gradually losing their teeth (the 1972 limit on antiballistic missiles). Meanwhile, the Soviets continue to build up their arsenal. Over the past several years, they have installed 378 new SS-20 missiles, most of them aimed at Western Europe, and have armed submarines and bombers with cruise missiles; the U.S. spent most of that time persuading its European allies to accept an upgraded force of 108 Pershing II and 464 cruise missiles (only about 102 cruise and Pershing IIs have been deployed so far).

Further complicating matters is Reagan's Star Wars proposal to develop a defense against ballistic missiles. He has offered to share the technology with the Soviets, but they are unimpressed, fearing an American breakthrough that could nullify their offensive forces. The Soviets have demanded talks on space weapons as a prelude to returning to negotiations on offensive arms; the U.S. has agreed to discuss space weapons, but only in the broader context of nuclear arms control. Thus conditions are not exactly propitious for a meaningful agreement in Reagan's second term.

Yet the President seems genuinely determined to try. "Ronald Reagan wants to be the peace President" is the refrain of the Reaganians. Having first hit the Soviets with harsh rhetoric and a military buildup, Reagan believes he can now deal from strength. Says a Senior White House aide: "The public will trust him not to roll over for the Russians."

Before he comes to grips with the Soviets, however, Reagan will have to get a handle on his own bureaucracy. In his first term, he failed to settle an intense conflict between hawks skeptical of arms-control agreements, led by Defense Secretary Weinberger and Assistant Secretary Rich-



■ Pragmatists: Baker and Deaver

ard Perle, and State Department moderates, led by Shultz and Assistant Secretary of State Richard Burt. To resolve this impasse and signal the Soviets that the U.S. is serious about arms control, Reagan "is going to have to bang some heads," says a top aide. Shultz and McFarlane have a more ambitious plan: they want to create the position of arms-control czar in the White House. In effect, this would cut Weinberger and Perle out of the arms-control loop. Three old pros, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, former National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft and INF Negotiator Paul Nitze, are being mentioned for the post. Reagan is reportedly sympathetic to the idea.

Middle East. This volatile region remains a tinderbox. The Syrians (and by proxy, the Soviets) grow in power, dominating Beirut and northern Lebanon. Israel still occupies southern Lebanon. The Iran-Iraq war has taken 150,000 lives, and peace remains as elusive as ever. Terrorists strike with abandon and impunity.

The Administration has no new Middle East initiative in the works. It has hopes, though, of reviving an old one. In September 1982 Reagan outlined a plan that would allow Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza Strip to form a loose federation with Jordan, in return for firm guarantees of Israel's security. The proposal was quickly rejected by Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin and ignored by Jordan. But the new coalition government in Israel is less hard-line, and Jordan has re-established diplomatic ties with Egypt, possibly a sign of renewed Arab interest in working toward an agreement.

Often burned over the past four years, however, the U.S. remains wary of involvement in the region. Shultz has proposed a crackdown on terrorism in the Middle East and around the world. But many experts regard terrorism as an intractable problem and fear that U.S. retaliation would only touch off a new round of attacks and reprisals.

Central America. In his first term Reagan allowed two distinct policies to coexist. The stated objective, pursued by White House and State Department moderates, has been to use diplomatic and military pressure on the Sandinista government as leverage to encourage pluralism in Nicaragua and stop it from exporting arms to the rebels in El Salvador. The apparent goal of hard-liners, including Kirkpatrick and CIA Director William Casey, has been the overthrow of the Sandinista regime. Recent evidence—including the exposé of a CIA manual to train the Nicaragua *contras* in guerrilla tactics, even assassination—suggests the hard-liners are prevailing. Moderates, seeing a potential for political disaster, would prefer to keep the CIA on a shorter leash. Moreover, they realize Congress is in no mood to finance CIA-directed coups against foreign governments, even Communist ones. Last month Congress voted a five-month moratorium on aid to the *contras*, and only

flagrant aggression on the part of the Sandinistas would prompt both houses to reinstate such aid after February.

Reagan will have an easier time getting funding to bolster the regime of José Napoleón Duarte in El Salvador. The challenge is to keep Duarte alive, literally as well as politically, while he tries to negotiate with the leftist rebels without losing support of the military or provoking Salvador's violent right wing.

Defense. Congress gave Reagan most of the military buildup he asked for in his first term, but it will be less accommodating in his second. Scandals over vastly overpriced parts and weapons that do not work have drained the Pentagon's goodwill on Capitol Hill; even Congressmen willing to spend more for defense fear that money is being squandered.

Fierce struggles are expected over controversial weapons systems. Early in the year, both chambers will vote twice on whether to produce 21 MX missiles. Although Congress has funded a first batch of 21 missiles, foes of the weapon believe that the MX program can be shut down before 1986 deployment if Congress balks this time. Congress may also refuse to build more B-1 bombers beyond the 100 already paid for. Reagan's request for \$1.7 billion in research funds for his Star Wars plan will encounter determined opposition on Capitol Hill. Congress has allowed testing of an antistellite weapon, but it may refuse to pay for all-out development of the program.

Social Issues. The Reagan recovery has not been universal. According to several studies the gap between rich and poor, black and white, is growing. This societal wound could create a dangerous polarization between classes and races. Reagan has talked vaguely about helping the poor catch up, but he has cut back on antipoverty programs and affirmative action. Congress has so far rejected his plan to create "enterprise zones" to draw business into depressed areas with tax breaks and other incentives. Reagan is not likely to suggest much else to help the left-behind in a second term unless Congress makes him.

During the campaign, Reagan promised to fight for the social agenda of the religious right: permitting prayer in schools, outlawing abortion, and allowing tuition tax credits for private schools. But with the deficit and arms control occupying his attention, he may do what he did in the first term: pay lip service to the Moral Majority and its allies while keeping its legislative proposals on the back burner. Reagan could have a larger and more lasting impact on social issues if there are vacancies on the Supreme Court. With two or three Reagan appointees, court conservatives might have the votes to overturn landmark decisions legalizing abortion and banning school prayer.

No American President, no matter how popular, can totally control his agenda. At the outset of Reagan's first term, he dazzled friend and foe alike with his mastery of Congress. Willing to try Reagan's supply-side economics, Congress approved his \$750 billion, five-year tax cut, which included \$150 billion in cuts requested by special-interest groups.

This time around Reagan is saddled with stratospheric deficits. He will ask Congress to do what it hates to do: cut entitlement programs, particularly those, like Medicare and farm price supports, that benefit the politically powerful middle class. Unless economic growth miraculously reduces the red ink, Congress will be forced to consider an even less palatable option: raising taxes. Reagan may not like to talk about the deficit or even think about it, but his aides are not fooled. Says one: "It will be more serious than in the first term. The problem is larger, the options fewer and the hour later."

Whatever Reagan chooses to do about the deficit, he will not have much time to do it. Conventional political wisdom gives him about six months to ram an economic package through Congress. By the end of 1985, Reagan will have used up most of his political capital, at least for domestic programs. Figures in both parties will be jockeying for a run at the White House in 1988. Reagan can cajole and exhort all he wants, but he will not be able to avoid the fate of every second-term President since Franklin Roosevelt. He will be a lame duck.

—By Evan Thomas
Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Douglas Brew/Washington



■ Moderate: Shultz of State



■ Hawk: Weinberger of Defense

The Loyal Figure in the Wings Awaits His Call to the Stage

A trouper in '84, Bush sets his sights on '88

If the fateful moment should arrive, would George Herbert Walker Bush be ready? The question is not an idle one as American voters grant the oldest President in U.S. history his desire to spend another four years in one of the world's most demanding jobs. As a former Congressman, Ambassador to the U.N., head of the Republican National Committee, special envoy to China and director of the CIA, Bush had far more national and

of the Administration, except for the U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, to have met with Soviet Leaders Yuri Andropov (at Leonid Brezhnev's funeral) and Konstantin Chernenko (at Andropov's). The best preparation for the vice presidency, he jokingly advised Geraldine Ferraro, was buying "a black hat with a veil."

Bush's finest moments may have come in the period after Reagan was shot. Taking charge of high-level meetings, he

background (Andover, Yale) and Establishment connections (son of a Connecticut Senator and former member of the Trilateral Commission), Bush was often seen as a Rockefeller Republican.

As Reagan's understudy, Bush has swung back to the right. "I'm a conservative," he says, "but I'm not a nut about it." During the campaign he was an indiscriminate cheerleader for his boss. As Bush said last week, "I am for Mr. Reagan—blindly." He became irritated whenever reporters suggested that he and Reagan were in disagreement. An effective fund raiser (since becoming Vice President, his personal and mail appeals have brought the G.O.P. some \$42.6 million), Bush appeared in 32 states in the past two months.

He rose to his greatest challenge by doing well in his debate with Ferraro. "I was talking facts; she was talking emotion," he boasted afterward. Actually, Bush was far more keyed up than the normally voluble Ferraro, who adopted a measured, almost subdued tone. Bush nearly squandered his debate performance, however, by refusing to back away from his erroneous assertion that his Democratic opponents had said that American Marines killed by terrorists in Beirut had "died in shame." He was overheard claiming that he had "tried to kick a little ass" in the debate, then made light of the gaffe, apparently in the belief that it would add macho to his preppe image. All this led Columnist Joseph Kraft, who has admired Bush, to write, "Unless the real George stands up, the general impression will be of a foolish fellow unfit to be President."

Noting the way cartoonists have lampooned Bush because of his erratic and occasionally quarrelsome performance this year, one top Republican strategist declared, "Bush is in danger of becoming a national joke." While that seems too harsh, it is clear that Bush's presidential stock has dropped. Some G.O.P. pros partly blame his staff.

Bush will spend this second term accumulating political IOUs and setting himself up for a run at the presidency. At some point he will have to step out of Reagan's shadow and reveal his true political colors. No one can be entirely sure what they are. Ron Kaufman, a Reagan-Bush campaign aide, unwittingly made this point when trying to explain how circumstance will have changed for Bush by 1988. Predicted Kaufman: "In his next campaign, the way Bush is viewed will be totally different and what he is saying will be different." Only then will Americans be able to judge how firmly George Bush would lead—and in what direction. —By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Melissa Luitke with Bush

*The last sitting Vice President to win the presidency was Martin Van Buren in 1836; the only two-term Vice President to do so was John Adams, who succeeded George Washington.



■ Ready for a second term: "I am for Mr. Reagan—blindly"

world affairs experience than Reagan when both entered the White House nearly four years ago. Since then Bush has been treading the thin line between obsequiousness and his own itch to take charge one day. Critics dismiss him as Reagan's lap dog; the boss calls him "the best Vice President ever."

Bush, 60, has been a loyal supporter of Reagan and his discreet adviser. The two men normally have lunch together every Thursday. To Bush's credit, the substance of these conversations has remained confidential. The President put him in charge of a task force to reduce governmental red tape, sent him off to calm NATO countries about the deployment of Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe, and made him head of an interagency special-situation group. Bush has visited 59 countries and logged almost 550,000 miles on presidential assignments. He is the only member

acted calmly and with sensitivity. He stayed away from the vacant Oval Office, and presided over the Cabinet from his own chair rather than that of the President. Said Chief of Staff James Baker at the time: "He is performing extremely well, filling in for the President without being brass or overly assertive."

Nonetheless, Bush's leadership abilities are still open to question. He has never won an election on his own outside Harris County, his congressional district in Texas. Twice he ran for the U.S. Senate and lost. Along the way, he got a reputation as a political chameleon. Running against Senator Ralph Yarborough in 1964, Bush described himself as a Gold-water Republican who opposed the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the nuclear test-ban treaty. Two years later, he ran as a moderate to win a House seat from a conservative Democrat. With his Yankee

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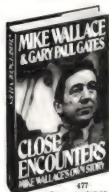
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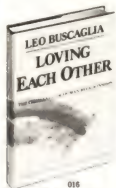
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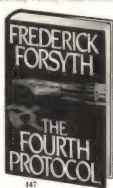
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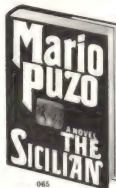
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Way Down but Not Quite Out, The Democrats Regroup

Learning hard lessons and devising new approaches

The Democrats knew they were going to lose. They had time to steel themselves, to discount the loss and change the subject to 1988. Nevertheless, when the digital displays started flicking on Tuesday evening and the vote totals appeared, the thud of defeat was at last palpable. The party has now lost four of the past five presidential elections. It is being deserted by the nation's middle class and, perhaps even worse, by the young. One Democratic strategist, a key figure in the past four presidential campaigns, seemed almost excited by his own gloominess. "This party is in the worst shape of my lifetime! The worst since the Civil War! If the old forces hold on," he said of the Democratic Establishment, "this party is not going to hold together."

Are the Democrats really done for? They certainly have some fundamental kinks to work out. Their party is confused philosophically. What was long regarded as a grand coalition, the political expression of American pluralism for almost half a century, is now widely seen as a creaky conglomeration of self-interested constituency groups, alternately dithering and carping. The wholesale rejection of Walter Mondale, who tried to stitch the New Deal coalition together yet again, demonstrated both the weakness of that strategy and the dire nature of the party's condition. Bullied by interest blocs, the Democrats showed themselves without clear leadership and devoid of a solid ideological or geographical base.

But the defeat of Mondale is hardly the same as the demise of the Democratic Party. A solid majority of House members are still Democrats, as are two-thirds of the Governors and three-quarters of all other elected officials. Moreover, 43% of Americans are registered Democrats, including 5 million who enrolled just this year, only 30% are Republicans. "This kind of handwringing about the party is familiar and knee jerk," says Mondale Campaign Chairman James Johnson, refusing to see any general portents in Tuesday's terrible results. "It was a victory of personality far more than party." Clark Clifford, an astute party elder, is not fretting either. He recalls that four years after the Democratic rout of 1964, the Republicans took the White House, and that four years after the Republican rout of 1972, the Democrats took it back. "I've been in and around presidential campaigns for 40 years," says Clifford. "And every time there's been a landslide, people say the party that lost is through. Well, it doesn't happen that way, and it won't this time."

The cheeriest aspect of the party's future is that next time it will not be up against Ronald Reagan's personal alchemy. The optimists cannot just sit tight, however, and wait for Reagan to retire. The party must use the defeat to clear out its ideological detritus and find a confident voice that can inspire as well as admonish, that can make a majority of voters feel something grander than guilt. This week proved that merely sounding alarms—about the nuclear-arms race, the possibility of Social Security cutbacks, the decline of heavy industry, a diminished regard for civil liberties—is not enough to energize most voters, even when they share the concern. "There is a feeling that our party has become not a party of the whole," explains Virginia Governor Charles Robb, "but simply a collection of special interests that are narrower than the national interest."

When Franklin Roosevelt forged the Democratic coalition 50 years ago, the economic emergency was overwhelming; his remedies seemed synonymous with

the national interest. Partly as a result of the federal programs he launched and the prosperity they permitted, however, the various interests within F.D.R.'s coalition diverged. After unemployed workers and Dust Bowl farmers were back on their feet, they grew skeptical of Government assistance for the next waves of the unlucky and downtrodden. As blacks developed political consciousness and clout in the 1950s and '60s, many white Southerners stopped voting for Democratic presidential candidates, and when affirmative-action programs jeopardized white workers in the North, the F.D.R. coalition grew still shakier. While the party has lost its appeal for its traditionalist constituencies, it seems unable to generate compensating support among younger, go-go voters. People under 30, says one Mondale strategist, "have decided they're going to be Republicans. They think we're the party of failure and the Republicans are the party of success." In political terms, of course, such an image is self-fulfilling. Ethel Klein, a political scientist at Columbia University, agrees. Says she: "Their concern is economic opportunity for themselves. These are young adults who have no real memory of Viet Nam, and have a sense that a lot of the social and economic injustices of the past have been fixed."

The past when Reagan summons it up, it is golden and glorious, the good old days. The Democrats, on the other hand, are often seen as stuck in a difficult past, obsessed with the Depression and the labor-organizing battles of the '30s and '40s, still transfixed by Great Society experiments. Michigan Governor James Blanchard owes his office largely to the support of the United Auto Workers, yet he believes that the Democrats ought not adhere to pet policy prescriptions simply out of habit. "We can't just defend the status quo," he says. "We can't get hung up on the ideology of yesterday." Progressivism, he seems to be saying, has to progress.

The new Democrats do not suggest a dismantling of the social welfare apparatus. But they believe a basic requirement should be that such programs work at reasonable cost. Says Wyoming Party Chairman David Freudenthal: "The social programs of the '60s were the right thing at the time, but now it's as if we're afraid to change even one piece of decoration on the house for fear someone will start yelling that we're trying to tear the roof off."

Plenty of factions are yelling already. The party has become Balkanized into a collection of interest groups, each pushing its parochial agenda single-mindedly. Hispanic organizations oppose the Simpson-Mazzoli immigration bill? Then so does the Democratic Party. Unions want to limit imports of foreign automobiles? Then so does the party. "We are the accumulated wish list of all our constituency



■ Cuomo: an alluring aura

groups," says Colorado Governor Richard Lamm. Democratic Strategist Patrick Caddell, an adviser to the Gary Hart campaign last spring, has been screaming the same thing for years. "Instead of being just fiercely protective of particular interests, like women's rights," Caddell suggests, "the party must be far more assertive about national interests."

Hart's single most successful tack during the primaries was charging Mondale with lap-dog allegiance to the AFL-CIO. The extreme affinity between organized labor and the Democrats has become a central political concern. Democratic leaders must convince organized labor that the shifts in the U.S. economy—away from heavy manufacturing toward high-technology and service industries—need not be antithetical to workers' long-run interests. "Labor has a massive job of self-education to do," says Iowa Party Chairman David Nagle. "Labor will have to weed its own garden."

Yet Robert Strauss, the party's former national chairman, fears that not even this week's trouncing will make willful interest-group leaders more accommodating and pragmatic. "The defeat will mean nothing to them," he says. "The hunger of these groups will be even greater. Women, blacks, teachers, Hispanics. They have more power, more money than ever before. Do you think these groups are going to turn the party loose? Do you think labor is going to turn the party loose? Jesse Jackson? The others? Forget it."

Part of the party's challenge is to realize a domestic vision that preserves the egalitarian ideal while promoting the prospect of individual opportunity and economic growth. Two Democrats at the forefront of such a strategy are New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley and Missouri Representative Richard Gephardt. They have proposed a simplified income tax plan that would eliminate all but a few personal deductions and lower significantly the rates for most taxpayers. Hart has talked about establishing individual training accounts for workers who are forced into new jobs.

The Democrats must also expand their geographical base from the Northeast and the industrial Midwest. Half the electoral vote now comes from the Sun-belt. In 1988, says Strauss, a Texan, "it can be a Southerner. It can be somebody from the Midwest or West. But he's got to be able to convince Southerners that he's a moderate and like them." The South and West have a similar self-conscious regional ethos, but this basic world view—a kind of do-it-yourself, four-wheel-drive populism—has adherents all over the country. "The West is not just geographical," says Floyd Ciruli, Colorado's Democratic chairman. "It's a state of mind-independent-thinking, optimistic, against special interests, environmentally sensitive. Until you have a candidate who can appeal to this way of thinking, you won't win the West, and you won't win the suburbs."

As neoliberal presidential prospects

like Hart and Bradley help push the Democratic mainstream toward explicit pro-growth policies, educated youth may come wandering back over from Republicanism. On virtually all issues concerning personal liberty—abortion, women's equality, prayer in schools, the First Amendment—yuppies are in profound disagreement with the G.O.P.'s powerful Christian right wing. Southerners may be harder for the Democrats to recapture, but the party is no longer indulging in reflexive contempt for the military, for open displays of patriotism and for middle-class home-and-hearth values. Impressive Southern Democrats, notably Senators Sam Nunn of Georgia and Dale Bumpers of Arkansas, have built up substantial influence within the party.

A kind of chicken-or-egg disagreement persists over whether the Democrats first need a tidy political theme or an appealing candidate. Most insiders, however, seem to agree with California Assembly Speaker Willie Brown. "The fact is," says Brown, "the platform makes a difference only after you have selected a leader—someone who wins confidence and demonstrates his ability to win. After that, you can talk about issues."

It is foolhardy to predict presidential front runners four years ahead of time, but New York Governor Mario Cuomo has definitely acquired an aura. "If you ask Republicans," says Political Consultant David Garth, "they'll tell you the one guy

they're afraid of is Mario Cuomo." Cuomo is both well-spoken and magnetic, virtues no Democratic candidate since John Kennedy has combined. Because Cuomo entered politics only a decade ago, he was never obliged to acquire all the baggage of '60s Democratic orthodoxy; he thus has no invidious reputation to live down. Yet his instincts are probably closer to old-fashioned liberalism than to cool, calculating neoliberalism. "I'm intrigued by Cuomo," says Lamm of Colorado, "but his message has no hint that our economy is in trouble. All he says is that we are the party of compassion." Political Analyst Richard Scammon is dismissive. "Cuomo," he says, "is just a Mondale with charm."

Bradley possesses quieter charm, but he has acquired remarkable respect and influence in just one Senate term. His huge re-election margin this week will intensify talk of his White House ambitions, and any upcoming tax-reform battles will swing the limelight his way. But a New York political consultant thinks the former forward for the New York Knicks is unready to run. "There's not a natural move in his body, whether it's basketball or politics," says the adviser. "He works like hell, but he needs more time." Although some Democrats are still leery of Hart's personal quirksiness, he was more relaxed and rousing as a campaigner for Mondale this fall than he was last spring on the stump against him. Hart will soon file for re-election to the Senate from Colorado. But he has told friends he is inclined against running in 1986. TIME has learned, so that he can devote himself to a 1988 presidential attempt.

Other once and future stars will be struggling to shape the spirit and ideology of the party, if not perhaps to win its 1988 nomination. Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy will probably carry the flickering old liberal flame. Others have positioned themselves as potential leaders of the new breed. Among Governors, these include Lamm of Colorado, Bruce Babbitt of Arizona, Bob Kerrey of Nebraska and Michael Dukakis of Massachusetts. In the Senate there are Bumpers of Arkansas and Joseph Biden of Delaware.

The party of F.D.R. is still alive, but the coalition that he assembled seems almost incapable of winning national elections. For the first time in generations, the G.O.P. is viewed as the party of change. To arise from the debacle of 1984, Democrats must regain that distinction. Most now seem to realize that pointing to past achievements, no matter how glorious, is not enough. New ideas are a snap to disparage ("Where's the beef?"), but good new ideas are essential. "The shoe is on the Democratic foot," says Historian James MacGregor Burns. "The party must carry through the current process of realignment and formulate and fight for a clear, comprehensive alternative to Reagan rule."

—By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Robert Ajman/Washington and Kenneth W. Banta/New York, with other bureaus



■ Hart: ready for a rerun?



■ Bradley: calm and conscientious

Despite an All-Out Effort, Labor Comes Up Short

But unions hope for a payoff next time

More than a year ago, the 13.7 million-member AFL-CIO took the unprecedented step of endorsing a Democratic presidential candidate, Walter Mondale, before a single caucus or primary had been held. The goal: to establish labor early on as the decisive element in the Democrats' bid for the White House. "If we do not do what we propose to do, we shall be reviled as toothless and irrelevant," said AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland at the time. "If we succeed, we shall be condemned for daring to aspire to a share of power in our society."

Unspoken, however, was a third possibility: that the Democratic nominee might lose, with labor's support proving as much a hindrance as a help. That is what happened on Election Day. Up against a popular President and a humming economy, union leaders were simply unable to call home the once monolithic "labor vote." What is more, the union label alienated many of the swing voters—yuppies, independents and moderate Republicans—whom Mondale needed in order to defeat Ronald Reagan. "The public is looking for someone who works for them," says Political Analyst Alan Baron. "It doesn't mean they hate labor. It just means they want somebody who's independent."

Mondale had been endorsed by every major union except the Teamsters, who opted for Reagan. After stumbling badly in the early primaries, Mondale relied on union money and muscle to grind down Gary Hart in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Michigan. "Without labor, we would not have been the nominee," admits one Mondale strategist.

But the effort left a sour taste. "We paid the penalty of being labeled a special-interest group," says Douglas Fraser, retired president of the United Auto Workers. Labor's all-out embrace also reinforced outdated expectations that its members would vote as a bloc. "The fact that people expect labor to deliver a unified vote is ridiculous," says Sam Fishman, president of the Michigan AFL-CIO. In 1964, 73% of labor households voted for L.B.J. by the time Jimmy Carter ran for re-election in 1980, the Democrats' share of the union vote had dropped to 50%. "I don't even read the stuff they send me," says Robert McConachie, a Reagan sup-

porter who belongs to the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees in Avon Township, Mich. "They can't tell me how to vote." Just as important, a dwindling percentage of the work force is in the labor movement. According to the Bureau of National Affairs, a private research group, 17.9% of the work force was unionized in 1982, down from 24.7% in 1970.

Many union members picked Reagan



■ The special-interest label left a sour taste

for the same reasons other voters did: his sunny optimism and his stands on pocket-book and patriotism issues. Ironically, by negotiating ever higher wages, many unions have helped their members climb into the middle class, where they perceive their economic interests to be better served by the G.O.P.

Reagan's stand-tall image also held appeal. When Geraldine Ferraro asked workers in a Belvidere, Ill., Chrysler plant why they planned to vote for Reagan, they said they feared Mondale would reinstate the anemic foreign policy of the Carter Administration. Says Fraser: "The macho factor was important."

To combat the well-organized incumbent, labor supplemented its usual campaign tools—phone banks, flyers, can-

vassing—with an array of high-tech methods. "They've moved into the 20th century politically," says Washington-based Labor Consultant Victor Kamber. "Now they use direct mail and laser-printed letters. They show videodisks in union halls." Two years ago, aided by computers, the AFL-CIO started to pinpoint unregistered members and sign them up. In Alabama, registration among members in one Sheet Metal Workers' local shot from 40% to more than 90%. Last month, AFL-CIO President Kirkland took to the road in a "solidarity van," going on a two-week, get-out-the-vote odyssey across the industrial Rustbelt.

The fact that labor's love lost in spite of this intensive mobilization drive (estimated worth \$40 million) seems not to have sparked much soul searching among union leaders. They roundly reject the notion that labor forced an unelectable candidate on the Democratic Party or that they bear any responsibility for his defeat. If anything, they say, Mondale dug his own grave by not campaigning directly on labor issues. Many union officials maintain that the interest ignited by the early endorsement greatly strengthened their political apparatus. "The process produced its intended result," says AFL-CIO Spokesman Murray Seeger. "It's given us a kind of excitement, a kind of unity we never had."

In the view of union leaders, Mondale's defeat is only a temporary setback. "Labor will take a black eye on this," admits Kamber. "But four years from now, when it backs a winner, there will be stories about its amazing comeback." Indeed, the union brass seems eager to make early endorsement an established policy. "I haven't found anybody saying it shouldn't have been done," says Richard Murphy, legislative director of the 650,000-member Service Employees International Union. "I hope we do exactly the same thing next time." The danger, of course, is that the unions will keep choosing candidates who are able to win the primaries but not the general election.

For the moment, most experts do not believe that will happen, largely because of the lessons those outside labor may learn from Mondale's 1984 defeat. "Future candidates would be crazy to go after a labor endorsement before the primaries," says William Schneider, an elections expert at the American Enterprise Institute. Concur Analyst Baron: "Labor has clearly reduced its clout in the party in the future. A lot of state chairmen who were skeptical, but went along, are now saying, 'We won't let them do that to us again.'"

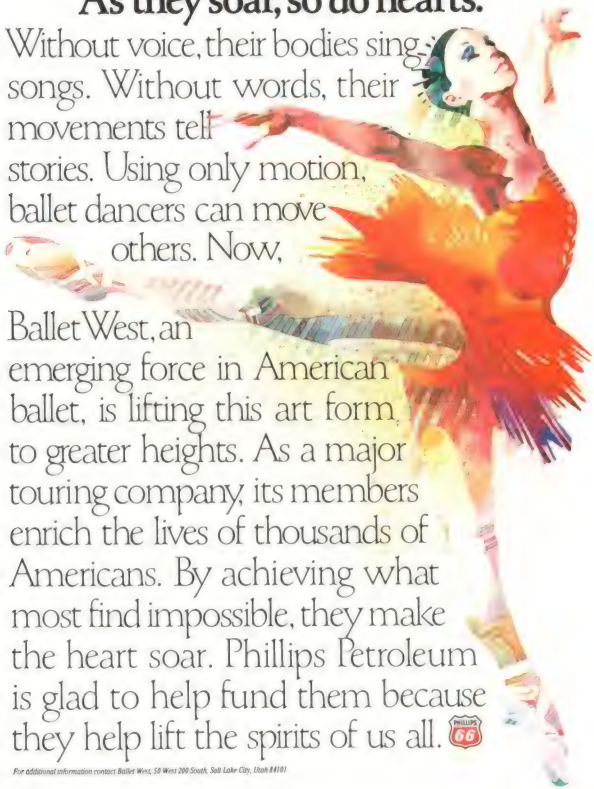
—By Susan Tift

Reported by Jay Branagan/Washington, with other bureaus

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When the Elite Loses Touch

Before the great campaign of '84 is handed over to the history professors, one of its unfortunate side effects bears a glance or two. Besides marking Ronald Reagan's return to the White House, this year will be remembered for the way a sizable segment of the pundits, academics and campaign theorists turned against the American electorate.

There was the expected debunking of the Republican candidate in Cambridge and New Haven, in the newsrooms of the big liberal papers, in the salons of trendy Georgetown. But what startled in the final weeks was the paroxysm of complaint against the voters, who, despite all the entreaties from these learned folks, made up their minds in impressive numbers to back President Reagan. For years these same voters had been praised and pumped up by overpaid TV commentators and underpaid instructors of political science as the most informed and best-educated and therefore the wisest electorate in the world. This year's affection for Reagan, however,

brought bitter second thoughts among the liberal intelligentsia, best summed up by the *Washington Post's* Haynes Johnson, normally an evenhanded fellow. He suggested in a column that Reagan's overwhelming support proved Abraham Lincoln wrong, that in this age of packaged candidates it was possible to fool all of the people all the time, or at least enough of the time to put a mountebank like Reagan in the White House.

East Coast intellectuals and their support troops have favored the Democrats for five decades. That tradition was maintained in this election with the *Washington Post* and *New York Times* endorsing Mondale, the network commentators gamely trying to disguise their preference for Mondale and Ivy League students expressing their Democratic leanings in campus polls. For years the presumption of liberal Democrats has been that the thinkers and the workers had much in common, namely great political wisdom and, more times than not, winning candidates.

But now, the opinion molders and political strategists who have been so influential for so long are obviously at odds with ordinary people. The Democratic Party's frustration with its rank and file was evident when Geraldine Ferraro went before autoworkers and students in the Midwest and West and became almost accusatory in her professed bafflement over why they preferred Reagan. Ferraro's tone suggested that she viewed her listeners as hapless innocents beguiled by a pitchman into breaking their longstanding contract with the Democrats. Ferraro had discovered the world beyond the Hudson and Potomac rivers.

Several interesting questions are posed now that will bear examining over these next months. According to political folklore, many Americans west of the Mississippi view Washington, so highly educated and amply endowed with the taxpayers' money, as an arrogant and isolated state within a state, condescending toward the rest of the country, enamored of itself and puffed up by its social pretensions and inside rituals. That legend now has some scholarly support. Austin Ranney,

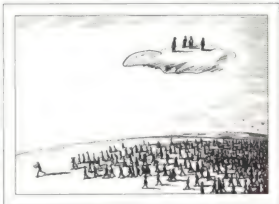
a resident political scientist at the American Enterprise Institute, points out that the losers in past elections have often blamed the electorate. In their despair they have decided that the voters were "a bunch of jerks," not "the good peasants and yeomen" of yore. This time, says Ranney, the sense of disunion may be greater than ever. The group of inbred Democrats who have controlled the thought and mechanics of official Washington for so long is exquisitely geared to "issues," having encyclopedic knowledge of programs and laws but limited sensitivity to the intangibles of leadership, like boldness and enthusiasm, that cannot be written into bills and dropped in a legislative hopper. The Democrats have not had a candidate who possessed those qualities since John Kennedy. Reagan has been a master of the intangibles, emerging as a leader of a new populism composed of white-collar, high-tech, professional, small-merchant voters itching for an assault on the Washington royalists.

"Among the losers in this presidential election campaign you will have to include the nosy scribblers of the press," wrote the *New York Times's* James Reston last Sunday. "Not since the days of H.L. Mencken have so many reporters written so much or so well about the shortcomings of the President and influenced so few voters." Reston and those like Syndicated Columnist Joseph Kraft, who lamented in the past few weeks that "greed sits in the American saddle," are more accustomed to being the Pied Pipers of Middle America,

marching jauntily out front with majorities forming obediently behind. Being deserted is a frustrating experience. Reston sighed that "the people don't want to hear." Another view is that most voters decided the media heavyweights were just plain wrong. They were certainly out of touch.

Richard Scammon, a seasoned political analyst, says the malady is old-fashioned "ivory toweritis." The intellectuals and their allies in politics and journalism have got farther above ground level than ever before, he insists. They do not feel the raw emotions of plain people, even though they frequently journey to the outlands to inspect the species. The experts are engrossed in telling the voters what they ought to believe and do, not in listening to what is on their minds.

There is in this time, believes Scammon, just a faint hint of the mind-set that affected many intellectuals in Britain before and during World War II. They decided in sequence that war was avoidable, that the Allies had been defeated in 1940, that Egypt would be lost in 1942, that Japan could never be dislodged from conquered territories and that strategic bombing of Germany would have no effect. George Orwell may have had some insight for our year in some other writings not so famous as his novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Commenting on British self-delusions during World War II, he wrote, "One has to belong to the intelligentsia to believe things like that: no ordinary man could be such a fool." He had glimpsed something in ordinary folks that has endured in this difficult world. It is called wisdom.



The Shaping of the Presidency 1984

By Theodore H. White

The author of the Making of the President series, one of the foremost experts on U.S. politics, examines the surging forces that not only helped re-elect Ronald Reagan but will play a major role in determining the outcome of the next campaign for America's highest office

Every American election presents history with a puzzle; and this issue of TIME opens with the solution to a part of the puzzle. We now know that Ronald Reagan has been re-elected. But the larger part of the puzzle is left to solve: How does this election fit into the longer story of American politics and history? What did it mean?

This was the dreariest political carnival in 20 years. Yet it was more than carnival, for it was fought on two levels. On one level were the classic issues, all sprayed over with statistics and figures: disputed factoids of missile and nuclear capability, of budget entitlements, of thunderhead deficits that could prove anything any candidate wanted to prove. Yet underneath, more enduring and more important, was a clash between American cultures. At bottom the candidates were talking about the community of Americans, torn by enormous surges of new forces, bewildered by how to greet or resist them. The campaign was about how we live together—in short, about our culture as a nation in change.

What 1984 bequeaths to 1988 is far more than the timeworn questions debated since 1960, when Richard Nixon described the central problem as How We Keep the Peace Without Surrender and John Kennedy proclaimed, "We must move again." What this campaign promises is the rearrangement of much of the old familiar political scenery and the way we see each other.

So the election of 1988 begins now.

The 1984 election pitted two men against each other—party chieftains both, but entirely different symbolic characters. They saw America differently.

On one side sat an aging Ronald Reagan, still tall in the saddle, holding forth a future rooted in a mythic past of heroic patriots and open opportunity. He rode into the election with several large achievements: a real grip on inflation, an undeniable economic recovery and a substantial defense buildup. But he bore the burden of a monstrous deficit for whose solution he offered only the Band-Aid of a balanced-budget amendment. He may frequently have been wrong on his facts, but he spoke to the wordless groping of millions of Americans seeking comfort in the future. Reagan wanted to slow the entire tempo of change speeding Americans to disturbing ends—from encroaching Government and welfare dependency to the drug epidemic and crime in the streets. He saw the future in the lost summertime of the nation's past, when neighborhoods were safe, when families held together (though his first marriage had not), when U.S. power bestrode the world. He wrapped both past and future in the American flag.

Against him, as the candidate of the Out party, stood Walter Mondale. The Out party must always cope with the new surges

and forces of this restless country, unrestrained by the discipline of a sitting President. But in 1984 so many new surges were pressing up from underneath that the orthodox political issues were to blur in the interminable Democratic primaries. Mondale, a man of conscience but also a master political mechanic, had tried to swallow them all, to bring a coherence to the multitude of screaming new groups. Where Reagan sought to soothe and cheer Americans, Mondale tried to puncture their



complacency with warnings of impending doom and taxes.

Through the two candidates, two Americas were trying to define themselves—a new America, struggling to be born, not necessarily promising, and an old America, its virtues not necessarily outworn. In this clash, Ronald Reagan won.

Even before the 1984 election was decided, we had a glimpse of things to come—for the surges affect *both* parties, will go on and are certain to change our political culture to absorb the new cultures. Perhaps the best way of telling the story of what happened in 1984, and what is likely to happen by 1988, is to go, step by step, through the forces that rocked this strange year.

The first of the upwellings—the emergence of a new generation in American politics—was surprising only for being a surprise.

Generational upheaval is as characteristic of politics as it is of life. All through American history, the young behead the father generation, and the greater the triumphs of the fathers, the longer their influence lasts. The Revolutionary fathers led this nation for almost 50 years, until Andrew Jackson displaced them in 1828. The Civil War leaders lasted almost as long—until Theodore Roosevelt, a child in the Civil War, replaced them in 1901. In 1960 the Supreme Commander of all Allied forces in Europe was succeeded by a naval lieutenant of the same war. That war generation still holds on, but this year a new generation first flexed its muscle.

It was the size and quality of this new generation that most disturbed politics in 1984—first on the Democratic side and then later, with possibly greater future impact, on the Republican side, as young men maneuvered for the succession in 1988.

The quickest description of the new people, Democratic and Republican alike, was "the baby-boom generation." When the veterans of the "good war" of 1941-45 came home, nature worked its seduction on them. The first command of nature was to find a mate, then to find a job, then a home, preferably in the suburbs, where they could raise children. The result of the mating urge was a biological explosion. From a national birth rate of

18.8 per thousand before the war, the youngsters pushed the number up to 26.6 per thousand in 1947. There were 2.4 million babies in 1939, 3.8 million in 1947, and the crop hit its peak of 4.3 million in 1957. By 1984 the children of the baby boom were between 20 and 38 years old and accounted for 75.5 million of all American citizens—43% of those of voting age. They were ready to change the world their parents had designed—and they were different.

Theirs was an open world of new sciences and new wonders of technology, experiment lured them to try anything new. That might be a foreign car, a beeping microwave oven, a computer incomprehensible to oldsters, a simple word processor or advanced data base access that gave new tools to leadership. Their social values were different too. They found living together, man and woman, without marriage unobjectionable; the Pill had divorced sex from commitment. They were likely to be tolerant of homosexuals; they were tolerant of women in the workplace. To reach them politics had to offer something new too.

But what? No one could define this for them. On the Democratic side, they first found Gary Hart, who drew almost as many popular votes as the ultimate nominee, Walter Mondale. Hart roweled Mondale from end to end of the country, leaving the Democratic candidate wounded and bleeding. On the Republican side, surfacing later, were half a dozen baby boomers who wrote the Republican platform to their wishes and who regarded Reagan, as one of them said, "more as a totem than a leader. We're trying to elect a man ten years past his prime."

Listen to two young men of the baby-boom generation. "The revolution is already happening in our party," said a key campaign manager for Reagan-Bush. "Our new men are on the way. The Jack Kemps, Trent Lotts, Newt Gingrichs, Vin Webers may not make it to the top in 1988. But we'll be in control. The Bob Doles, the Howard Bakers are *out*—through. Unless George Bush makes it, we'll elect the first President who wasn't in uni-



Election '84

form in World War II." The second baby boomer, liberal Democratic Congressman Charles Schumer of New York City (age 33), had done his best for Hart in the primaries and, ruefully looking back, said, "The tectonic plates of American politics are shifting. Gary Hart touched them, felt them, but he couldn't shape them. We have other men coming: Gore of Tennessee, Dodd of Connecticut, Gephardt of Missouri, Bradley in New Jersey—and Cuomo, of course."

The young men and women—between 28 and 38—on both sides were the field commanders of the campaign of 1984. They are the takeover generation. They were frustrated this year by men with older visions of America. But within months they will be fully operational. And they are beginning their own strike for power, with fresh values, fresh purposes, right now, this week.

If the generation gap surfaced first in the Democratic primary in New Hampshire, the next surge, surfacing in New York in April, was of an entirely different nature. It attached itself to the name of Jesse Jackson.

It was always difficult to distinguish between Jesse Jackson and what he stood for. The eloquent young man was a master politician—part preacher, part insurrectionary, part visionary, part hater. Tainted now, however, by racists whom he refused to repudiate, he ran not as a presidential candidate who happened to be black but as the black presidential candidate. And his cause was new—for however he styled it, his cause was that of black separatism within the American political system.

Black separatism has old roots. But modern black leaders, the fathers who forced and won the civil rights revolution, had fought for a different course: full opportunity for and full participation of blacks within American politics. Roy Wilkins of the N.A.A.C.P. had felt equality must be won by law, through the courts. His triumph was 1954's watershed *Brown vs. Board of Education*. The prophetic Martin Luther King Jr. had gone beyond that: If the laws flouted morality, then morality and civil disobedience must change the laws. His triumph came in the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Through the openings that they carved poured scores of black participants and winners at every level of American politics. From three black Congressmen in 1960, the numbers jumped to 21 in 1984; and in the blackening cities, mayoralities went to blacks in Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Atlanta, Newark, Washington, Philadelphia. But all such blacks ran as representatives of the whole.

Jesse Jackson was different; he changed the politics of 1984. Political appetite came upon him slowly, then faster. His demands began with a first "litmus test"—that runoff primaries, South and North, be abolished because such contests gave blacks less of a chance of winning than they would have had in a free-for-all involving divided whites. In June he demanded that the rules of the Democratic Party established as recently as 1982 be discarded to give him a share of delegates proportionate to the number of those who had voted for him; the Democrats compromised, setting up at his insistence a "fairness" commission to supervise, patrol and probably again rewrite the rules governing their primaries in 1988.

And then at the Democratic Convention in San Francisco, Jackson made his cause clear. The morning after his stunning speech of conciliation and redemption, he spoke to the Black Caucus. "Women got what they want," he said, "in Geraldine Ferraro; the South got what it wants in Bert Lance. What did you get?—you ain't got nothing!" He made his demands sharp, that the Democratic Party in the South establish in each of the old

Confederate states one distinct district where a black Congressman would be nominated and, with the support of the party, be elected. In other words: not participation by individual merit but group participation with rewards shared by the numbers of race. He ran this course into the campaign: blacks must wait for Jesse's "signal," white politicians must negotiate for black votes through his Rainbow Coalition.

Jackson has staked out a new separatism in multiracial America, and it menaces the culture of our politics, for it challenges the bedrock faith of a nation whose secular theology is equality. Is America a nation of individual Americans or a nation of separate communities? If communities were to be given rewards and responsibilities distributed on lines of kinship, ancestry, skin color or religion, the Lebanonization of American politics might lie down the road. And then would come the Orientals, Caribbeans, Africans with other demands. Was ours a nation of separate groups? Or a nation of individual people clinging to the notion that all men are created equal, a nation that chooses the best of its individuals to speak for it?

The surge that Jesse Jackson called forth will not go away. Nor will the fears it roused in the South and in the Northern urban centers. It will be there in 1988, under Jackson's name or another. It is his legacy to the election of 1988. How much fear of blacks contributed to Reagan's white majority is still to be measured.

The stirring of black separatism linked another phenomenon in 1984—another underswell from a distant past now requiring full recognition. It could be called the ethnic emergence.

I remember as the most vivid of the episodes of the long trail of 1984 the redefinition of the Democratic Party at its convention in San Francisco. The faces and feel were so completely different that only by effort could I remember the Democratic conventions of the '50s, dominated by Southerners and big-city politicians. Eighteen percent of the delegates in 1984 were black, 6.5% were Hispanic. Indians in feathered headdress marked the seats of the Western states.

It was Mario Cuomo who gave eloquence to a new party that he defined as a blending of the seed of pioneers and immigrants. Where once candidates boasted of the log cabin, Cuomo described the immigrants' struggle: "I saw it and lived it. . . I watched a small man with thick calluses on both hands work 15 and 16 hours a day. I saw him once literally bleed from the bottoms of his feet, a man who came here uneducated, alone, unable to speak the language. I learned about our kind of democracy from my father . . . and from my mother. . . . And that they were able to build a family and live in dignity and see one of their children go from behind their little grocery store . . . to occupy the highest seat in the greatest state of the greatest nation in the only world we know, is an ineffably beautiful tribute to the democratic process." Cuomo would probably run some day for national office, but if his time came, he would run as an American of new traditions in a nation whose heritage was changing.

That heritage had changed long before 1984. The census of 1980, whose mountainous statistics were not fully analyzed until 1983, gave us the first reliable ethnic sifting of the new America. Of the 226 million citizens willing to report their lineage, old-stock Americans now totaled less than half. A good number could still trace their ancestors to colonial times, including many of British stock (now only 62 million Americans) and Dutch (only 6.3 million). Add to them 49 million



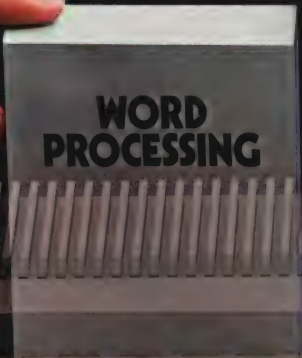
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Election '84

Americans of German stock and 40 million of Irish stock, and still there were only 157 million Americans who might claim pre-Civil War ancestry. Add to these the later comers: Scandinavians, Slavs, Italians, Jews, Canadian French; add further 22 million blacks only recently admitted to full citizenship; add further 13 million Hispanics and 3.4 million Asian newcomers—and one had the texture of a nation unlike any before and unlike America even half a century ago.

By 1984 "ethnics" were prize pieces in the game of politics. Republicans were now targeting the loyalties of heritage groups that for decades had voted Democratic. No Republican candidate, except possibly Richard Nixon, has had a keener sensitivity to ethnic politics than Ronald Reagan. If the Democrats would open their convention with Mario Cuomo, Reagan would counter with a keynoter of Hispanic origin, Katherine Davalos Ortega, Treasurer of the U.S., who closed her address with "*Dios bendiga a America.*"

The story of the contest for ethnics can be made romantic. What cannot be made thrilling is the public cowardice shown by both parties' candidates. Not until the last "debate" in October were they finally forced to confront the problem of new immigration, which is changing our country again. Both waffled. Neither would offer leadership to a nation that saw its borders overrun by illegals, by people of alien cultures and tongues, a nation groping for new laws that at once protect its borders while guarding its tradition of refuge.

Congress, to its credit, did debate a Simpson-Mazzoli immigration bill for a full seven days, a soul-searching week torn by anguish, hope and fear. But, in the end, all effort to pass the bill crumbled under the pressure of the Hispanic lobby. Its fate was a classic example of political pathology—every special interest mobilized against the general interest.

By 1988 no candidate will any longer be able to dodge the issue. The inrush of illegal immigrants from the Third World into the U.S. proceeds almost unchecked. No political leader can ignore the dilemma it puts to conscience; but, in the future, if the

U.S. "tips" ethnically as our big cities "tip," it may be impossible to pass any law that makes immigration just and orderly. Neither candidate faced up to the problem in 1984—they bequeath the agony of decision to 1988.

The two largest underswells of 1984 cannot be squeezed into the time frame of the year now ending. They rolled out of past centuries, and 1984 only lashed them to a crest. Both were matters of manners and morals that thrust into politics—the outburst of women and the grotesque debate on church and state.

Women come first—for no one can talk realistically of American politics today without recognizing them as a new, distinct and independent force. Arbitrarily, 1984 gave historians a pinpoint, a day to which the women's movement finally led and from which its story will go forward: noon July 12, the moment Walter Mondale named Geraldine Ferraro, mother, lawyer and Congresswoman of Deepdene Lane, Forest Hills Gardens, Queens County, N.Y., as his running mate. In large part his choice of Ferraro was forced on Mondale as a tactical maneuver; but, from the instant it happened, it was history beyond politics.

I was in San Francisco in the presence of women when the announcement was made, and caught the feeling of holiday that old war correspondents tell of the liberation of Paris. One had to be there for the feel of it, the crying, the joy, the jubilation. Ann Lewis, political director of the Democratic Party, caught it best. "It must have been like this the day they signed the Declaration of Independence and the word spread and people said, 'At last it's happened, at last it's happened.'"

Women? Women as a separate political force?

Always previously in American politics, men had assumed that *they* understood the affairs of the world best, they knew what was good for wives, mothers, sisters, daughters; and, trying to protect their women, had penalized them with countless legal disabilities and disqualifications. Men had shoveled the ditches, dug the coal, worked the plow—all to make a living for the de-



pendent "family." They had fought the wars, dying as sons, fathers, husbands, to protect the families left behind. Tradition sustained the conviction that those who had the burden of action held the right of leadership.

But men love their daughters as much as their sons. Postwar prosperity urged families to give their daughters equal education, and with education came skills, status, professional competence. More women go to college today than men; they emerge as lawyers, economists, financiers, doctors, scientists—and politicians. By the '70s women had begun to organize; in 1980 psephologists first defined their differential voting behavior as "the gender gap"; by 1982 women were conducting their own independent campaigns in state after state, helping push to victory Cuomo in New York, White in Texas, Blanchard in Michigan. By spring 1984 they were ready to ask that a presidential nominee appoint a woman as his campaign partner. And Mondale yielded.

Women have usually defined the general culture of any nation—from the court of the king to the kitchen of the peasant. But no nation has seen such a new coloration given to a culture as American women have given to the U.S. They now share equally in the forum of television: woman anchor teamed with male anchor. Women's bar associations, women's alumnae associations, women analysts' associations form everywhere. Curiously, all-male organizations are now considered sexist, women's organizations praiseworthy.

Their political arms—the National Organization for Women and the National Women's Political Caucus—are shrewd and tough, and they have their own agenda. They demand passage of the Equal Rights Amendment as the seal of all equality, although it can be argued that the ERA might prove to be of dubious merit for it gives to men equal rights with women, such as the right to resist draft in wartime if women are not drafted, or the right to refuse combat duty if women may refuse. Women's agenda includes, as is long overdue, equal pay for equal work—but also includes equal pay for "comparable worth" in any job, a

matter more difficult to define. Their agenda includes as well the "mop-up" of all discriminatory legislation against women and the severe patrol of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which grants women protection against any form of citizen discrimination. Where their agenda leads, no one knows—except that it is akin to the black agenda: always more and always in the name of equality.

There is far more than a simple redefinition of political equality in the shaping of women's push into U.S. leadership. The old American way of work operates now in a world of foreign pressures, where the heavy-labor jobs, the lift-and-heavy jobs, are being taken over by the Third World. Those are men's jobs being undermined. But women seek their share of the desk and managerial jobs. Their increasing share reduces men's share. If, as in England, the permanent jobs lost are usually so-called men's jobs and the new openings are increasingly filled by women, there is a harsh edge to the future that women seek to shape. An irrational sex struggle over jobs, with which politics must cope, lies just beyond the horizon. In 1984 women unwittingly placed that matter on the agenda of 1988 and the years to follow.

The clash of cultures in the campaign ended in the spurious debate on church and state.

Never did either candidate challenge the separation of church and state. An "establishment of religion" as known to the Constitution makers was an establishment akin to the Church of England, which could tax the general public for its support. The Constitution outlawed that kind of federal establishment. No one since, not even in 1984, suggested that any church be allowed to clothe itself with the authority of the state. What underlay the debate, however, was the role of religion in politics—or, rather, the contrary views of morality that differing clerics urged on a confused country, and what underlay that was a simple fear of any state-enforced morality imposed by any religion.

Campaign Snapshots: Crushed Geraniums and Gay Caucuses

Ronald Reagan's greatest asset is his charm—something that flows naturally from him but that he can wield as effectively as a sharp rapier. I watched him charm a dinner table in June this year, a mixed group that included the coach of football's Dallas Cowboys and a Hollywood magnate as well as the guest of honor, Madame Jayewardene, wife of the President of Sri Lanka. She was very shy and ill at ease, but President Reagan, though tired from a day's travel, quickly sensed her anxiety and took it upon himself to entertain her. He talked of the handicapped whom he had just been visiting; she discussed Sri Lanka's problems with drugs. When she spoke of the perfumed forests of her island country, he invited her to crush in her fingers a Martha Washington geranium on the table and smell the perfume it left behind. He went on, fascinating us all, with stories of his Hollywood days. He spoke of how he did not like the heaving and panting sex in the new movies—too explicit. He preferred the way Ernst Lubitsch had handled the subject, by hint and sugges-

tion—the hand of a bride dropping her nightgown outside the bridal-chamber door, then the door closing, leaving the rest to imagination. This conversation seemed pure entertainment. But Ceylon was important: it holds the harbor of Trincomalee that we want to use in case of war. Madame Jayewardene left, swathed in a friendship that might be essential to policy.

I watched him again in the closing days of the campaign at Temple Hillel in North Woodmere, N.Y.—a lovely synagogue in suburban Long Island. This time, Reagan was subdued, ministerial. Wearing a yarmulke, he promised that if ever Israel were forced to walk out of the United Nations, America would walk out too. He charmed and soothed the congregation. The cameras picked him up; they picked him up again at lunch, eating apricot kugel (a pudding) at the rabbi's home immediately thereafter. The television "bites" that evening warmed the hearts of thousands of uncertain Jewish voters in

middle-class Long Island; the Jewish vote was essential if he was to carry New York.

Reagan can be decisive. I remember speaking with Caspar Weinberger, Secretary of Defense, just after the February decision to withdraw U.S. forces from Lebanon. Essentially there had been a conflict between State and Defense—Defense had wanted to get out of Lebanon even before the October massacre, while State kept insisting our presence was necessary. While preparing to watch Lauren Bacall perform in *Woman of the Year* Sunday afternoon, Feb. 5, Weinberger had been summoned to an immediate meeting of the National Security Council at the White House. The Republican politicians had long wanted out of Lebanon ("The forget period," said one of the President's men, "is about six weeks in American life. We have to be out before June"). Only Shultz had resisted a pullout ("A very stubborn man," said Weinberger). The emergency conference lasted two hours. Reagan decided that Sunday evening: pull out, now, as fast as possible. Then he was off for a vacation at his California ranch, and the decision had been made.

The unsettling '80s, when rockets regularly sizzled off to space, when mind-expanding drugs became epidemic, when biotechnologies toyed with the very roots of life, when medicine prolonged life until age often became a curse, have spawned questions that torment conscience. Seeking answers, many Americans found them in a rebirth of pieties, a renaissance of religious search that offered man more than bread alone. And in offering answers to riddles that computers could not solve, or fashion satisfy, clerics raised their voices to offer moralities to politics, passionately arousing those who held opposing values.

A bortion lay at the heart of the final debate on manners and morals. On the one side were ranged hierarchical Roman Catholics and Fundamentalist Protestants; on the other, all those who believed that no church and no dogma might impose their will on the privacy of personal lives. Yet the decline of family life brings unwanted babies and throws the burden of their care on the public purse. Among blacks, 55% of all babies are born to unwed mothers, chiefly to the most impoverished and most ignorant of young women. To deny them relief from unwanted births or to deny relief to any woman whose pregnancy is unwanted seems absolutely immoral to many; others feel it equally immoral to give them relief.

On half a dozen other issues in the religious revival, clerics roused audiences. The Bible, whether in the King James or any other version, is as fine a classic of good narrative as any school can teach: to deny its glories to children is as ridiculous as to deny them Shakespeare. But to clerics of differing faiths, the classroom recital of a single required standard prayer (even one taken from the Bible) is an imposition on the freedom of children to grow up in the faith of their parents. The wonders of modern medicine increase the span of life beyond joy or usefulness: euthanasia, or mercy death for those who suffer, is to some the essence of love and compassion, to others outright murder. To many, homosexuality is forbidden by the command of Moses: "Thou shalt not lie with mankind as with womankind; it is abomination." To others that injunction is as savage as "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

What has been going on in the past decade, and came to a blistering point this year, is a revolution of social tolerances—and the demand that Government decide where laws must step in to restrain tolerance, whether it be drunken driving, pollution of streams and air, gun control or abortion. Neither candidate could avoid confrontation with forces urging new values into Government. And never before has the U.S. witnessed in public debate two claimants for the presidency forced to define their religious faith and their stand on matters as intimate as family life and abortion.

For the past twelve years, America has seen a succession of presidential candidates trained in divinity schools, children of divines, self-proclaimed born-again Christians, or men who claimed God as their copilot. Preachers and divines have always tried to infuse politics with moralities. The "Boston preachers" (as some Southerners still bitterly call them) urged abolition of slavery on the nation as a moral issue; so soldiers marched off singing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* ("As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free"). Clerics dominated politics when they persuaded the nation that alcoholic drink was not only sinful but a public danger, and imposed Prohibition. But never would the Civil Rights Bill of 1964 have passed Congress unless clergymen of all faiths had joined to press it through.

People vote in a crosscurrent of emotions and interests. In 1984 the crosscurrents of a new culture and a new resistance shaped the election as much as or more than the debate on missile confrontation, budget deficits or the trade war. Nor do these crosscurrents show any sign of abating, or the passion of the clerics any sign of softening.

There remains then a last ugly legacy of the 1984 election to the election of 1988: that all the new undercurrents and surges will have to find their way to a decision through a system of presidential politics now grown so obsolete as to be dangerous.

Simply put, somewhere in the past 20 years the U.S. political system became entangled in rules and customs that make it more vulnerable to special-interest groups than ever before, and television makes this even worse.

The primary system, where choice of candidates begins, is

Mondale was always remote and elusive during this year's campaign, surrounded and walled off by staff. I had known him more than casually for years. We once met on vacation in the Virgin Islands, in 1978, and his conversation had ranged from the most serious (the Russian arms buildup and the need for countermeasures) to the funniest (his amusement at a Cleveland Democratic official who had been arrested for "mooning"—flashing his bare behind at passing cars from an open window).

I had seen him many times since. He would mutter, even during his incumbency as Vice President, at Carter's failure to offer leadership. And then, during the campaign, he surrounded himself with an iron ring of four or five people whom no one could penetrate except Mario Cuomo and Edward Kennedy. Not even Senator Moynihan of New York, the Democrats' leading authority on Social Security and intelligence matters, could break through at will. One would see Mondale on his campaign plane, exhausted, lost in solitude, cordial but removed. His acceptance speech at San Francisco was the best I ever heard him give; it had gone through 20 revisions, and expressed the man in all his sincerity. But, until the

last week when he cut through with his own passion, he was captive of his staff and the leaders of the demographic blocs he sought to bring into his new coalition. They served him ill.

I remember vividly a scene in Washington in June. The Democratic Rules Committee, packed with reformers, was in session. Under debate was a resolution to make gays an official caucus of their party. This meant that, like the black, women's and Hispanic caucuses, they must be officially represented on every governing party committee, and that the party, by the doctrine of "outreach," must actively recruit them. A Puerto Rican delegate plaintively asked whether that meant his local party must actively seek homosexuals to join the party. The answer was yes. A delegate from Chicago protested that half of Illinois' Democrats were Catholics, the other half from the Bible Belt, and the resolution would offend them all. He was booed down. He complained, "Next thing you know you'll be including sodomy"—to louder boos. But the resolution passed. I checked later. Mondale's lieutenants on the floor had been unable to reach their candidate; they supported and threw their force behind the homo-

sexual resolution. Mondale might not have approved had he been informed. But it was a bench mark in the glide of manners and tolerances that had overtaken the Democratic Party.

Back in 1972, Governor Reagan as California chairman of the Nixon Re-Election Campaign, Nixon called to ask, "Who is this dumb so-and-so you've appointed chairman for Santa Barbara County?" Reagan put his hand over the phone, listening to Nixon, and asked someone else in the room: "Who is our chairman for Santa Barbara? He didn't know, Ronald Reagan is uninterested in detail. He is much more interested in directions."

I have seen him appear moody only once: at a lunch with six writers after the Democratic Convention, when the polls had given the Democratic ticket a momentary up-flip. He was disturbed not by Mondale's nomination, but by Ferraro's. He pondered it aloud, then reverted to his past. "You know," he said, "she steps on her own lines. She can't wait for the applause moment."

Reagan in this campaign knew where his applause lines would come. He could reach the people and stir them. Mondale tried—but failed until too late.

Election '84

now as absurd as the presidential system before the passage of the 20th Amendment, which reorganized presidential and congressional tenures. The old rules of national elections held that a President elected in November could not take office until March; a Congress elected with him could not take office, unless in an emergency, for 13 months after the election. That system could not work in the 20th century of airplanes and telecommunications, so it was changed.

The primary system today bounces crazily from state to state, hobbled by bizarre party regulations, dominated by the dramatic needs of television. Few except scholars and specialists understand the labyrinthine rules that govern the sequence of nomination. New York has changed its nominating rules four times in the past four elections. In California, once a winner-take-all state, no candidate now runs statewide—and no one yet knows by how many votes Hart whipped Mondale in the Democratic primary. In Texas a voter must vote once on Saturday morning and once more in the evening to have his vote count for local delegates, who will then be mysteriously manipulated up the ladder of layered caucuses for a final choice. One could go on to more outlandish and contradictory rules, laws, regulations. This unworkable system leaves both the parties and the candidates prey to local and hard-bitten pressure groups, from the National Rifle Association to the Sierra Club, from the antiabortion zealots to the equally tough leaders of the women's movement.

In New England, in spring, candidates must talk about the price of heating oil. In New York candidates must cultivate Jews, blacks, Italians, to the exclusion of other groups. In Texas and California they must court Hispanic voters. In the farm and industrial states they must woo farmers whose needs conflict with those of steelworkers in Pennsylvania or Ohio.

What emerges is political bedlam and national boredom. But there are other more troubling results: not least the total exhaustion of the candidates, who must perform as political athletes,

operating by glands, not by reason; and just as important—the inability of any schoolteacher to tell students approaching voting age how the nation chooses its leaders.

Many professional politicians will say, off the record, that our system of politics is too important to be left to self-chosen politicians and that Congress must step in and act, by law, to make the process reasonable. Perhaps the best current proposal is that the long run of primaries be sliced into four separate Tuesdays, one month apart, set not by regions but by time zones. Time zones run from north to south, so parochial regional interests would be blurred. The Eastern time zone clusters New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas; the Midwest time zone clusters industrial Illinois as well as farm states like Kansas and Southern states like Alabama. And so across the nation. Time-zoned primaries would force all national candidates to address themselves once a month to a full cross section of the nation, less fettered by special interests, ethnic or racial groups.

By 1988 it is certain that both parties will be holding primaries simultaneously in a free-for-all that will confuse everyone. New public laws, not new party regulations, are needed.

The conventions are the next step in choice. But conventions have also changed; they no longer choose, they only ratify the primaries. They are spectacles into which television tries to inject drama; even television's own leaders feel too much power has been placed in their hands. Said one of the most creative of television's veterans, Producer Don Hewitt of CBS: "Let's give the conventions back to the politicians. Give the parties control of the two hours of prime time we allot. Let them fill it as they want. If we think there's any news, we can tack it on afterward as commentary. But the conventions should be their show, not ours."

The national contest that follows the conventions is fouled by two intertwined circumstances swollen to intolerable: money power and television power. The flood of money that gushes into politics today is a pollution of democracy. Money buys television



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time, buys Election Day "expenses," buys access to decision makers. Most major candidates now control personal political action committees that let them mobilize allies long before an election. Important Congressmen accumulate similar slush funds. Independent PACs bring the most brutal pressure on individual Congressmen.

More important even than money power is the power of television. Television is the main battleground for public opinion in our time, and professional campaign designers try to outwit television news masters in a game of masking-and-unmasking, or "I've got a secret" against "This is their secret." Television reaches its climax in the so-called great debates. For forgotten reasons these debates, sponsored by the League of Women Voters, wander like a traveling road show from city to city. They are vital as a display of contending personalities, but they have degenerated into quiz shows where candidates, stuffed with facts like geese with fat goblets, try to outdo each other with encyclopedic tidbits—and gain extra points for well-prepared quips.

Much can be done to restrain both money power and television power. Wise laws, to take one example, can forbid the contribution of money to any candidate in one state from sources in any other state. Wise laws can conscript time from the networks to be shared evenhandedly between the major candidates. New laws can and must help. Yet, in the end, politics is the entry way to power, cruel or benign, and in our system, politics delivers power into the hands of the most potent constitutional leader in the world. It is into Ronald Reagan's hands, instincts, purposes that this week's election has delivered us.

A good part of what we need to know of the larger puzzle will take many weeks to analyze. It is buried not just in the size but in the structure and the texture of Tuesday's vote totals.

The structure of the vote in the South, for example: Did it say that the Republican Party, born to free the blacks, has been accepted there as the guardian of the whites? If so, then a major step in the realignment of U.S. politics has taken place. In the suburbs, did homeowners decisively join in Reagan's victory, or did they split, by ethnic origins, to give a significant share to Mondale? Did working-class Catholics sway to their church's leadership—or to their union leaders?

Much will depend on how Ronald Reagan interprets the vote. Landslides give Presidents enormous authority, but they can lead either to disasters, as did the landslides of Herbert Hoover, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, or to profound redefinitions of American life, as Franklin Roosevelt engineered. Of course, squeakers too can change American life, as Lincoln and Kennedy proved. What is critical in both landslides and squeakers is the ability of a President to read the tides, the yearnings that went into his victory, to distinguish between his own campaign rhetoric and the reality he must force his people to face.

Issues of substance lie on the table of presidential action. Ronald Reagan had a neat, three-sided diagram of the future in his first election: to reduce inflation, re-establish U.S. defense and balance the budget. But the triangle would not join, and through the gap in its apex, there ballooned a budget deficit of terrifying dimensions. His first stalled order of business is to face that problem with sweeping tax revision. One of Reagan's greatest achievements in his first term was to bring into being a bipartisan commission that finally put Social Se-

curity on firm footing. One may expect him next to choose an even more imposing group to work on the budget deficit until both parties can, unhappily but necessarily, compromise.

With re-election, Reagan has been handed enormous authority to make the Soviets face U.S. strength and truly negotiate, with some hope of realism on both sides. What is less sure is whether his victory will give him sufficient new vigor to reorganize his discordant White House staff, his Cabinet and his Pentagon.

More important than anything else is how an aging but renewed Ronald Reagan reads his own country. Every great President has been a great politician—Jefferson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin Roosevelt, Kennedy—even George Washington, who lived before the age of party politics. They could tell by political instinct how far and how fast they could lead their own people. This will be the test of a second Reagan Administration: its reading of the forces that underlay its election.

Reagan will probably be forced to recognize the pressure of women, but not as a dogmatic group, rather as individuals displaying talents hitherto unused. Both women in the outgoing Senate were Republicans, so were nine Representatives, so were two Cabinet members (three if you count Jeane Kirkpatrick, at best a nominal Democrat). But only Kirkpatrick was included in policy. Can Reagan stretch to find more?

On blacks, Reagan, a man without prejudice, may yield a little, but only if he can find blacks of merit, and certainly not enough to satisfy black Democrats or black separatists. He will not meet Jesse Jackson's demands; those he will willingly leave to the Democrats.

The new President will have it in his power to mold the takeover generation. Its leaders were the managers of his campaign, and they expect their share of the rewards. Politics is where the jobs are, and command too, and rewards in wealth follow. Reagan can by appointment and preference choose from those who pursue his aims with intelligence and give them importance by public notice. He can set them against the hot eyes who see him (and George Bush) as the elderling generation to be discarded in the struggle for power in 1988. Abraham Lincoln left no young man behind to pursue his purposes; he was too busy with war, and cut short by assassination. Franklin Roosevelt did seek out young men—and left behind the generation that was to dominate his party for years after his death.

Most of all, Reagan will write his mark on American life by how he shapes the issues of values and moralities. He is on record as supporting a school-prayer amendment and a right-to-life amendment and opposing a women's Equal Rights Amendment, on all these Mondale differed. This may have been the rhetoric of the Republican campaign, as was Roosevelt's 1932 rhetoric promising a 25% budget cut: words blown away by the winds. It is the push the President puts behind such matters of manners and morals, both at the highest court level and the lowest congressional level, that will shape the takeover generation in the Republican Party and set its members against the Democrats' takeover generation.

If Reagan recaptures his old vigor to forge a policy that wisely harnesses all the new forces in the nation, his election could prove to be one of historic reorientation, the long-awaited realignment of American politics.

If he does not, the campaign of 1984 will have led to just one more election of passage, and the last word will be left to others in 1988—or beyond.



A Credible Candidacy And Then Some

Ferraro wrought no miracles, but she broke the gender barrier

In her pioneering quest to become the nation's second-highest elected official, Geraldine Ferraro ran not one campaign but two. On one level, she sought to do what running mates always have: stump long and loyally for her party's presidential nominee and bolster the ticket among his weaker constituencies. On another level, Ferraro was running for the history books. As the first woman ever nominated for the vice presidency by a major party, as well as the first Italian American, she broke new political ground along every step of a grueling four-month journey.

Ferraro failed to become what Walter Mondale, perhaps naively, desperately, hoped she would: an electoral alchemist who would transform the lead of his campaign into White House gold. But in that, both candidates mostly proved what has always been true: presidential nominees win or lose elections primarily on their own. The longer-term impact of Ferraro's candidacy, while it will take months or even years to assess completely, is almost certain to make gender a less tending issue in presidential politics. And in that respect, the consequences of her candidacy are likely to be immense.

Ferraro's dispassionate assessment of her own performance, that she was a "credible candidate," significantly understates the legacy of her campaign. Says her issues director, Steve Engelberg: "The myth that a woman couldn't be up to the stress of a national campaign was exploded." Her press secretary, Francis O'Brien, puts it another way: "No woman will ever again have to be tested on so many fronts... If she had ever committed the mistakes that George Bush made, she'd have been finished in a day."

The campaign waged by Ferraro was unique in ways both small and large. She was doubtless the only serious contender for Vice President ever to have been presented with a wrist corsage before speaking at a fund-raising dinner (she firmly declined to wear it), or to have had to apologize for the lipstick smears left on babies held up for campaign buses. She was probably the least-known candidate chosen for the No. 2 spot on a major party ticket since Barry Goldwater picked another relatively obscure New York House member, William Miller, as his running mate in 1964. Unlike Miller, however, Ferraro became an overnight sensation who frequently eclipsed the presidential nominee, both in excitement and controversy. Indeed, such were the emotional ups and downs of her race that near its end Ferraro admitted that she probably

would not have stepped into her niche in history if she had known the toll it would take on her family. As she summed it up: "If God had said to me 'Gerry, here's a videotape of the next three months,'... I probably would have said no."

The most severe test came early in the campaign, when controversy arose over her own and her husband John Zaccaro's finances. Having promised full disclosure of both, she created a political fire storm by first announcing that he had decided not to make public his federal income tax forms and then, after Zaccaro changed his mind, by admitting several financial irregularities of her own. Ferraro huddled for long hours with a team of accountants. Then she delivered a bravura performance during a 100-minute televised press conference, crisply ticking off numbers, calmly correcting misinformed questioners and summoning aides to her side. "Her entire career rode on that one sitting, and she knew it," says O'Brien.

Ferraro's sure-handed performance at that make-or-break moment was one of the most exhilarating displays of the campaign. It seemed to infuse the candidate with confidence. Says Engelberg: "She realized, for the first time, that people liked her the way she was." Yet her campaign never fully made up for the loss of momentum caused by the finances crisis, and she continued to be plagued by allegations involving her family. Some of them, loosely connecting long-deceased in-laws with organized-crime figures, were of questionable relevance and may never have arisen but for her Italian background. Others may surface yet again: two business transactions involving Zaccaro remain under investigation by a New York grand jury.

The only time Ferraro cracked was when the *New York Post* ran a story claiming that her parents had been arrested in 1944 on gambling charges. She is deeply attached to her long-widowed mother Antonetta, now 79, and she wept aboard her chartered campaign jetliner. While she declined to confirm or deny the details of the 40-year-old charge, which was never brought to trial, she did lash out at *Post* Publisher Rupert Murdoch. Murdoch, she said in cold fury, "doesn't have the worth to wipe the dirt from under my mother's shoes."

To her credit, Ferraro did not commit any major gaffes on the scores of complex issues that a vice-presidential candidate must be prepared to discuss. But her lack of experience in defense and foreign affairs was evident more than once, notably in her debate with Bush. When she held



■ A unique campaign: on one level,

up the President of tiny Cyprus as an example of a "world leader" who had met with the ruling Soviet leader during Reagan's term, for instance. Bush was easily able to duck the larger issue of why the President had not sat down with his Soviet counterpart. Yet her quick grasp of detail and sharp political instincts served her well. When her staff urged her to deplore the Reagan Administration's failure to provide tighter security at the U.S. Marine barracks in Beirut before the fatal truck bombing there last year, she demurred. "I don't want to do anything that appears to exploit the death of those Marines," she declared. Says Engelberg: "Her instincts were perfect."

Another of Ferraro's strengths turned out to be a star-quality ability to attract crowds, which were consistently larger than forecast in her many miles of travel: 15,000 in Seattle; 18,000 in Atlanta; 50,000 in Amherst, Mass. In fact, stop for stop, she frequently outdrew Mondale. That was



the candidate did what running mates always have; on another, she was running for the history books

doubtless due in part to the novelty of her candidacy, but Ferraro also became a consummate pro at working audiences, acknowledging chants of "Ger-ry! Ger-ry!" with a rakish wave and confident smile.

Ferraro was less successful with the leaders of her own Roman Catholic Church. She was publicly criticized by New York Archbishop John J. O'Connor, among others, for her stance supporting free choice on abortion. Personal acceptance of the church's strict antiabortion teachings was not enough, they said. Ferraro was also obligated to press for their public acceptance. The clerical confrontation, which could not help but cost votes, was all the more galling to Ferraro's staff because it appeared to them to be inspired by the candidate's sex. Says an aide: "Teddy Kennedy had the same position on abortion, yet he was never attacked by the hierarchy in 1980."

Ferraro insisted on facing the abortion issue head on. In Congress, she said,

she represented not only Catholics but non-Catholics who were not morally opposed to ending unwanted pregnancies medically. As for the criticism of Catholic officials, she said, "My church doesn't speak for me, and I don't speak for them."

The bishops chose not to press the dispute, but it continued to hound Ferraro in the form of antiabortion hecklers. In handling their taunts, she demonstrated mettle as well as crowd-pleasing adroitness. When pro-Reagan and antiabortion demonstrators erupted noisily at the University of Texas in Arlington, Ferraro shouted, "If I had a record like Ronald Reagan's, I wouldn't want anybody to hear about it either." At another point she silenced hecklers by poking fun at her own staccato delivery: "You've figured out how to stop this New Yorker from talking too quickly."

While Ferraro's negative rating in most polls remained consistently below that of Mondale, she clearly turned off

some voters. How much of that was attributable to her individual political style and how much solely to the fact of her sex will be a key political question in the months ahead. But in any case, says Campaign Manager John Sasso, some early estimates of Ferraro's ballot-box appeal were simply unrealistic. "Expectations were very high, maybe too high," he says. "Some people expected she would singlehandedly sweep up all the ethnics, all the women. My god, that's three-quarters of the country."

Nor did Ferraro have a long set of "apron strings," as the female equivalent of coattails has been condescendingly dubbed. Many women leaders now acknowledge that those who thought a breakthrough candidacy would lead to huge gains among female officeholders were hoping for too much. Says Kathy Wilson, head of the National Women's Political Caucus: "It's hard to unsettle an incumbent at any price and any gender." Still, Ferraro's high visibility helped carry some women's issues closer to the political mainstream, including increases in the federal funding of day-care facilities and reforms eliminating sexual discrimination in pension benefits. Another part of her legacy may be the increased participation of women in the upper echelons of the Democratic Party.

Precisely where the campaign carried Ferraro is already a matter of intense speculation. Few doubt that the Democratic vice-presidential nominee won the right to continue speaking in the months ahead for her party on a national level. New York Democrats take it as an article of faith that in 1986 she will run for the U.S. Senate seat now held by Republican Alfonse D'Amato. "This state is dying to elect a woman Senator, and she becomes the logical candidate," says one party insider. "Her recognition factor is 100%."

In an ironic way, Ferraro, who became a historic symbol of how high a woman can aspire in politics, may be limited by the legal problems of her husband. These problems might never have arisen if the spotlight attracted by her candidacy had not also come glaring down on his business. As a result, Zaccaro's real estate income has dropped ("Who wants to be partners with somebody knowing the deal's going to be all over the papers?" Ferraro asks). She is considering writing a book about her unique campaign experience. Such a work could prove both illuminating and profitable. She can expect to command large fees for speeches (perhaps \$10,000, an aide estimates). She may join a high-paying law firm. But if her husband were to be indicted, concedes one close aide, "it would be a heavy blow to her career. If he were convicted, it could well be fatal."

Geraldine Ferraro ably met the public challenge posed by her historic selection. She has almost certainly altered forever the role women will play in the U.S. political system. But the personal travail caused by her choice may not be over.

—By William R. Doerner. Reported by David Beckwith with Ferraro

The House: A Silver Lining For the Democrats—Sort Of

They hold down their losses, retaining control

Having won the hearts and minds of the voters, could Ronald Reagan also count on their giving him a House of Representatives with which he might feel comfortable? In the Republicans' year of optimism, many of their leaders had expected a happy answer. "If the tide is strong enough," Michigan's Guy Vander Jagt, chairman of the House Republican campaign committee, had predicted, "we could get 33 seats." A pickup of 30 G.O.P. seats, agreed Illinois' Robert Michel, the House Republican leader, was "not unrealistic." The presidential tide turned out

most of those resulted from redistricting. The truth is that House incumbents are difficult to dislodge; normally 90% or more of them are re-elected. The reason may be that while people generally hold Congress in low esteem, they often admire their own Representative. Norman Ornstein, a professor of government at Washington's Catholic University, notes that even in a year like this, when voters are pleased with the President, "they don't have the impulse to throw the bums out. They tend to re-elect the Government." In that sense, this year's mood of satisfac-

tion. One of the biggest upsets was staged by a woman, Republican Helen Bentley, 60, who narrowly defeated Maryland Democrat Clarence Long, 75. Long, who had served in the House since 1963 and chaired an Appropriations subcommittee on foreign operations, was a sharp critic of Reagan's Central America policies. Bentley, a former chairman of the Federal Maritime Commission, won mainly on a local issue: she claimed that Long had cost the area thousands of jobs by opposing the dredging of Baltimore harbor. Long had argued that the project would involve the disposal of wastes in an environmentally unsound manner.

In New Jersey, Vice President George Bush made campaign appearances that helped unseat Democrat Joseph Minish, 68, a liberal who had served 22 years in the House. Still, redistricting probably had more to do with winning the seat for Republican Dean Gallo, 48, minority



■ Illinois' Michel: leading the G.O.P.



■ New York's Green: silk stockings



■ Delaware's Carper: no to a woman

to be powerful indeed. Nonetheless, the Republicans apparently gained at most 15 seats. That falls significantly short of the 26 seats they lost to the Democrats in 1982 and leaves the President with a Congress that probably will be resistant, both by party allegiance and by ideology, to many of his legislative programs.

Had some sinister Democratic force clipped Reagan's coattails? Apparently not. In a handful of districts, his top-of-the-ticket strength was enough to tip close races to his party. But a presidential candidate's ability to influence the assorted imponderables of personality and local issues in House districts has always been more theoretical than real. When Dwight Eisenhower overwhelmed Adlai Stevenson by more than 9 million votes in 1956, Republicans actually lost two seats in the House. Richard Nixon's 1972 landslide of 49 states and 60.7% of the votes produced a G.O.P. gain of just twelve House seats, and

tion paradoxically helped many Democratic incumbents as well as Republican legislators.

While all 435 House seats were at stake, Republicans failed to field a challenger in 45 dominantly Democratic districts. In addition, six Louisiana Democrats were elected in primaries where they had no opposition. Democrats, on the other hand, declined to contest only 15 districts. There were 27 vacated seats to be filled this year (the smallest number in nearly 20 years); 13 of them had been held by Democrats, 14 by Republicans. Overall, the situation worked against the chances of any dramatic shift in the makeup of the lower chamber.

Although the Republican gains were numerically modest, they were far from insignificant. No Democratic head of a House committee was defeated, but some who had been growing in influence or showing promise were rejected on Tues-

day. One of the biggest upsets was staged by a woman, Republican Helen Bentley, 60, who narrowly defeated Maryland Democrat Clarence Long, 75. Long, who had served in the House since 1963 and chaired an Appropriations subcommittee on foreign operations, was a sharp critic of Reagan's Central America policies. Bentley, a former chairman of the Federal Maritime Commission, won mainly on a local issue: she claimed that Long had cost the area thousands of jobs by opposing the dredging of Baltimore harbor. Long had argued that the project would involve the disposal of wastes in an environmentally unsound manner.

In Georgia, Elliott Levitas, 53, who had held the Atlanta area's seat through five elections, lost to Republican Patrick Lynn Swindall, 33, an Atlanta lawyer and businessman. A Rhodes scholar and a liberal on civil rights, Levitas had been a leading critic of Anne Gorsuch Burford's leadership of the Environmental Protection Agency. He and North Carolina Democrat Ike Andrews both succumbed to the Reagan tide in their states. In 1982, despite a widely publicized drunken-driving charge, Andrews, 59, defeated William Cobey, 45, a for-



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THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.



Election '84

mer athletic director at the University of North Carolina. Cobey, who had distanced himself from Jesse Helms, this time won the rematch.

A Democratic seat in Iowa had opened when Congressman Tom Harkin made his successful run for a Senate seat. The Republicans were able to seize it as Jim Ross Lightfoot, 46, a conservative former radio broadcaster, defeated Democrat Jerry Fitzgerald, 43, a former state representative. Farm issues dominated the campaign in the rural area of cattle ranchers and wheat and corn growers. Reagan had visited the district to help Lightfoot.

One powerful Democrat had a close call. Oklahoma's James Jones, 45, chairs the House Budget Committee and has vigorously fought Reagan's hugely unbalanced budgets, offering alternatives of his own. Opposed by Frank Keating, 40, a former FBI agent and U.S. Attorney,

In Arkansas, Republican Judy Petty, 41, a state representative and Sunday-school teacher, was outgunned by a tough-talking sheriff. Democrat Tommy Robinson, 42, in a seat that had been vacated by a Republican. A New Hampshire seat that had been held by a Democrat went Republican when Dudley Dudley, 48, a liberal long active in community causes, lost to Robert C. Smith, 43, a schoolteacher and real estate agent who is so conservative that he opposes any U.S. trade with Communist countries.

The Reagan surge did little to unseat blacks and Hispanics, who are overwhelmingly Democratic. There were 33 blacks and eight Hispanics on the House ballots, 27 of them incumbents. Although one black had been defeated in an Indiana primary, reducing their membership in the House to 20, blacks had hoped to lift the total back to 21 with a victory by

day, Stallings led by a mere 67 votes.

Massachusetts Democrat Gerry Studds, 47, was censured by the House for a homosexual affair with a teen-age House page. Instead of ducking the problem, Studds turned it into a gay-rights issue. Even though his district, which includes Cape Cod and several fishing ports, is heavily Republican, Studds defeated Lewis Crampton, 45, a moderate who distanced himself from Reagan. Illinois Republican Daniel Crane, 48, who was censured for being intimate with a 17-year-old female page, could not withstand the challenge of Democratic State Senator Terry Bruce, 40. Crane, a handsome father of six, had served three terms in the House. On the stump, Bruce avoided moral judgments on Crane's censure but maintained that it had undermined his legislative effectiveness.

Unsurprisingly, there were no Mondale coattails. Although the Minnesota



■ Massachusetts' Studds: forgiven



■ Mississippi's Franklin: spending big



■ Oklahoma's Jones: deficit blaster

Jones told his supporters about midnight that "I smell victory in the air." Still, he did not claim it, and Keating did not concede. But it appeared that Jones had survived.

A record total of 65 women had filed for House seats, 20 of them as incumbents. The general trend of voters to stick with their district legislators had no gender gap; all 20 women were re-elected. But few of the challengers were successful. Perhaps the most prominent loser was Elise du Pont, 48, wife of Delaware's Republican Governor, Pierre S. du Pont IV. Her campaign suffered when she came across as rude and whiny in a debate with Incumbent Democrat Thomas Carper, 37. A fiscal conservative, Carper used his folksy manner and personal grass-roots approach to win a second term. "In Delaware," said Carper, who was heavily outspent by his wealthy opponent, "we win elections the old-fashioned way. We earn them, we don't buy them."

Democrat Robert Clark, 55, in Mississippi. As in 1982, however, Clark lost to Webb Franklin, 42, a former circuit-court judge. This was despite a redistricting that placed blacks in the majority. The number of Hispanics in the House remained at eight.

Three incumbents involved in scandals had seemed vulnerable, but at least one of them was forgiven by his constituents. Idaho Republican George Hansen, 54, had been convicted of filing false financial disclosure reports, and is appealing his five to 15-month prison sentence. His district's predominantly Republican voters had difficulty deciding whether they preferred a felon to a Democrat. Richard Stallings, 44, a college history professor, treated Hansen's crime obliquely in his campaign. "Some claim to be fiscal conservatives but their own lives do not attest to that," he said. "I stay out of debt and pay the bills when they come due." By dawn on Wednes-

day, Stallings led by a mere 67 votes. carried Manhattan in New York City with about 65% of the vote. Republican William Green, 55, a three-term incumbent, still managed to win in the so-called Silk Stocking District. Green and his challenger, Democrat Andrew Stein, 39, the Manhattan borough president, spent a total of \$1,784,775, making theirs the costliest House race in the nation.

Democrats struggled to find some consolation in the House results. Insisted California's Tony Coelho, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee: "The Republicans needed a gain of 26 to look good and they didn't get it." Declared House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who faced no opposition: "The voters sent Democrats to Congress as a safety net for the American public." If that was a silver lining in the postelection cloud hanging over the congressional Democrats, it was hardly a cause for great rejoicing. —By Ed Magnusson.

Reported by Neil MacNeil/Washington, with other bureaus

The Senate: Landslide or No, The G.O.P. Margin Shrinks

Helms stays, Percy goes, and youthful newcomers march in

For downcast Democrats, the results of Senate races provided the one swath of cheerful news. The party did not regain the majority control it lost in 1980, but the power has shifted a solid bit its way. The net gain of two seats will reduce the G.O.P. majority to 53 to 47. Moreover, the ideological tilt will be even greater than the simple partisan tally indicates, since the two lost Republican seats are going, in effect, to liberal Democrats. Because of the shift, the Senate is more likely

many resentments—of Government, of feminism, blacks and modern life itself. At home in North Carolina, Helms' antagonists were in the minority: he was re-elected to his third Senate term against Moderate James B. Hunt Jr., 47, the state's outgoing Governor, with 53% of the vote.

The election concerned the Senate only nominally. Both sides cast the race as a stark moral referendum. Helms called his right-wing philosophy "the cause of a Christian nation." Hunt described the

ad consisted of pictures of death-squad victims in El Salvador under a sound track of semiautomatic fire. Helms is a patron of Roberto d'Aubuisson, the Salvadoran who has been linked to death squads. That particular connection may prove significant: with the defeat of Senator Charles Percy, Helms could take over the chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee.

The Reagan landslide clinched it for Helms. Hunt, for his part, failed to get out enough of the black vote. According to an exit poll, Helms won the support of 60% of white North Carolinians; since 87% of the voters in the poll were white, he did not need a single black vote to win.

Senator Walter D. ("Dee") Huddleston, 58, is a mild-mannered, moderate Democrat hardly known outside Kentucky. He never aroused passions one way



■ North Carolina's Helms: despised and adored, he survived



■ Illinois' Simon: old-fashioned liberalism outflanked an incumbent

to slip back under Democratic sway in 1986, when almost twice as many Republicans as Democrats will be running for re-election. The results also showed the rise to power of a new generation. Three of the five freshman Democratic Senators—John Kerry of Massachusetts, Tom Harkin of Iowa and Albert Gore Jr. of Tennessee—are Viet Nam veterans.

This was a good year to be an incumbent, and only three of the 29 Senators running for re-election were defeated. A few others had to fight. James Exon, 63, the Nebraska Democrat, won a tough race against Nancy Hoch, 48, an earnest, moderate Republican and one of nine women who challenged incumbents—all unsuccessfully. Contesting an open seat in Texas, Republican Phil Gramm, 42, badly beat Liberal Lloyd Doggett, 38.

Of the surviving incumbents, the most scrutinized was Jesse Helms. No major American political figure arouses stronger feelings than Helms, 63. Millions of Americans reject his ferocious New Right ideology, while millions of others share his

race as "a historic chance to say what kind of people we are" and spoke darkly of the "radical right wing" that a Helms triumph would encourage to "take over this country." As Hunt politicked Tuesday night at a Raleigh polling place, he had a final, frustrating, emblematic campaign encounter. A young woman declined to shake his hand. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I'm a Christian, and I'm voting for your opposition." As she walked away, Hunt cried out. "You don't think anyone else is a Christian?"

Helms outspent Hunt: their combined expenditures exceeded \$22 million, more than has been spent on any other nonpresidential election. An average of 200 TV spots a day ran in the past month. One recent Helms ad showed his opponent at the National Governors' Conference earlier this year supporting a deficit-reduction resolution; a narrator described the scene as "actual news footage in slow motion of Jim Hunt voting to raise your taxes." The most memorable Democratic

or the other. Nor did he ever really worry about his re-election to a third term over a G.O.P. county executive.

The little-known Addison Mitchell ("Mitch") McConnell, 42, is no more flamboyant or ideological than Huddleston, but he is a Republican eager beaver in a Republican year who spent almost as much money as the incumbent. He managed his extremely narrow upset by convincing Kentuckians that their Senator is a flaccid backbencher. Declared McConnell: "I can't think of a single thing that Huddleston has done for Kentucky. No one else can either." McConnell organized weekly derisive "Dope on Dee" seminars. He made much of the fact that Huddleston, the ranking Democrat on the Agriculture Committee, missed almost a quarter of this year's 300 roll-call votes. McConnell harped on the Democrat's junketeering with a funny, effective TV ad that purported to show a pack of bloodhounds tracking down Huddleston around the country.

McConnell is a somewhat humorless,

hardworking lawyer who served as a Deputy Assistant Attorney General in the Ford Administration. Serious even as a Louisville child—he is said to have carried a briefcase in the eighth grade—McConnell has a solid seven-year record managing Jefferson County. He had passed up other statewide offices that seemed more winnable. "He decided to do this 15 years ago," says a friend, Businessman Stephen Linker. "He planned and planned and beat the bushes and he raised money. He's very calculating."

Two sons of Harvard and of famous political families, both polished Democratic moderates, won election to open Southern seats. Tennessee's Albert Gore Jr., 36, whose father served three influential terms in the Senate, was an easy victor over a weak Republican candidate. West Virginia's John D. ("Jay") Rockefeller IV, 47, also faced a wobbly Republican opponent and had also been considered a shoo-in; yet TV network-news polls reported

Like many aging *Wunderkinder* who never quite live up to early hopes for them, Percy seemed portentous more than profound. Although he enjoyed the limelight as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, he was not much of a legislative craftsman. His fuzzy ideology finally left him without a political base. In the past, Percy had been attacked mainly from the right; this time, facing a strong liberal, he pitched himself as a Reaganite. Not only did he lose the votes of once sympathetic blacks and liberals, but New Right groups worked against his re-election out of spite for past heresies.

Simon, an author and former editor of the Troy (Ill.) *Tribune*, has represented a tough, grungy rural district for a decade. A prolabor liberal, he put together the late, great Democratic coalition: he captured Chicago's blacks, ethnics and liberal whites overwhelmingly, and a majority of the rural quasi-Southerners downstate. He may have been helped by an uptick in

kin was aptly described by Jepsen as a "slick-talking lawyer." Harkin is also something of a populist. The race, though, really pivoted on the issue of Jepsen's character. Harkin seemed sturdier. The Democrat's slogan: "Tom Harkin: A Senator Iowans Can Be Proud Of."

In Massachusetts, the winner was a former antiwar activist whose 55% to 45% victory is sure to restore some of the commonwealth's old reputation as a leftist bastion. The image is not altogether accurate, but John Kerry, 40, will be one of a trio of liberal Senate freshmen. An attractive Yale graduate decorated for naval heroics in Viet Nam before he turned against the war, the Irish-American Kerry is conspicuously Kennedyesque.

His opponent, Republican Raymond Shamie, 63, was considered a hopeless right-wing political adventurer when he ran against senior Senator Edward M. Kennedy in 1982. But Shamie's surprising landslide victory against former Attorney



■ Iowa's Harkin: a populist who promised to restore pride



■ Massachusetts' Kerry: charismatic and Kennedyesque

early Tuesday evening that Republican Businessman John R. Raese was winning. Rockefeller ended up winning by a margin of 4%. "I saw the Reagan coattails coming," declared Rockefeller, who lost his first gubernatorial election in the 1972 Nixon landslide.

But Rockefeller may have done himself some damage too. The surname means money, and he spent profusely on his campaign: more than \$9 million, \$7 million of it from his own funds. "Jay's spending was obscene," said Raese. A huge pro-Reagan turnout also cut into his margin. In all, Rockefeller is lucky that he faced Raese, 34, a political novice who made tactical blunders regularly.

Rockefeller's father-in-law, Illinois Republican Senator Charles Percy, had a nip-and-tuck election night that did not end as well. Percy, who recently turned 65, was forcibly retired from the Senate after three terms. The onetime presidential prospect was upset by a thoughtful and tweedy downstate Congressman, Paul Simon, 55.

the state unemployment rate (to 9.4%) announced last week.

The Republicans lost another incumbent just across the Mississippi River in Iowa. Like Percy, Roger Jepsen, 55, may have been hurt by rural economic problems; the farm-debt crisis is severe. But Jepsen, a conservative first-termer, had plenty of problems of his own doing. Last year he claimed congressional immunity to beat a Washington traffic ticket, and in June the born-again Christian was forced to confess that he had applied for membership in a Des Moines spa-cum-brothel in 1978. Nor was Jepsen always solid on matters of substance. In 1981, he trumpeted his opposition to the Administration's sale of AWACS radar planes to the Saudis, then voted for the sale. He had vowed he would not vote to raise the federal debt ceiling, but then did so anyway.

For his part, Harkin, 44, was merely obliged to make explanations, if not apologies, for being a liberal. A five-term Congressman from a rural district, Har-

General Elliot Richardson in the primary two months ago had excited the state's Republicans. They suddenly saw a chance that the manufacturing millionaire's Archie Bunker affability might actually win him the seat of retiring Democratic Senator Paul Tsongas, even though Shamie has never held public office. But Shamie responded ineptly when it was revealed that he had flitted around the John Birch Society in the early '70s.

Lieutenant Governor Kerry kept his cool, making literary allusions and articulately advocating a standard agenda: for a nuclear freeze and controls on pollutants that cause acid rain, against expanded U.S. military involvement in Central America. But his election may not pre-empt any liberal renaissance. "What happened is that this race became a referendum on Ray Shamie's ideas and past associations," says Kerry Pollster Tom Kiley. "Shamie lost largely for these reasons."

—By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Christopher Ogden/Chicago and B.J. Phillips/Raleigh, with other bureaus

Governors: Republicans Gain, But They Remain a Rare Breed

The Democrats still run two-thirds of the statehouses

The joke at a Governors' conference last year was that if the Republicans lost any more attendance at such gatherings, they could next meet in a telephone booth. For the past year the G.O.P. has controlled just 15 statehouses. The good news for Republicans from this year's 13 gubernatorial races is that they will need a bigger caucus room next summer; the bad news is that it will not have to be much bigger than a phone booth. They won a net gain of at most two Governor's mansions, but two of four G.O.P. incumbents were defeated.

Norman H. Bangert, 51, coasted to victory, and in North Carolina, where Congressman James G. Martin, 48, easily won his match.

The most prominent incumbent to go down to defeat was Washington's Republican Governor John Spellman, 57, who was initially considered the favorite in his bid for a second term. But in September, Tacoma-area County Executive Booth Gardner, 48, came out of nowhere not only to win the Democratic nomination in the state's open primary but also to attract enough crossover Republican votes to em-

prosecute dioxin polluters by pointing out that doing so precipitately might have jeopardized the federal buyout of polluted homesites.

The Republicans ended 16 years of Democratic rule in Rhode Island when Edward DiPrete, 50, two-term mayor of Cranston, convincingly whipped State Treasurer Anthony J. Solomon, 52. The race was at least partly decided by the Democrat's liberal use of mud. Solomon ran a television ad in October charging that DiPrete had "stacked Cranston's payroll with dozens of his friends and political cronies" and "gave tax breaks to his friends." DiPrete shot back that the commercial was "one big lie" and challenged his opponent to produce proof. Solomon failed to offer more than minor substantiation, yet refused to backtrack on the charges. Many voters viewed the exchange as one more reason to accommodate DiPrete on his primary campaign



■ Rhode Island's DiPrete: "Big lie"

■ Missouri's Ashcroft: gospel G.O.P.

■ Washington's Gardner: fresh air

By contrast, both Democrats running for re-election were successful: Montana's Ted Schwinden, 59, and Arkansas's Bill Clinton, 38. In North Dakota, State Representative George Sinner, 55, scored an upset victory over Republican Governor Allen Olson, 46. Elected in 1980, Olson came under criticism late in the campaign for admitting that he had not yet filed a 1983 federal income tax return, though he claimed that he had received extensions.

The two Republicans who won bids to a second term, both as expected, were Indiana's Robert D. Orr, 66, and New Hampshire's John H. Sununu, 45. In Delaware, retiring Pierre S. du Pont's G.O.P. seat passed to a protégé, Lieutenant Governor Michael N. Castle, 45. The grandee of West Virginia politics, two-term Governor Arch A. Moore, 61, hammered out a third victory, following an eight-year hiatus filled by Democrat Jay Rockefeller. Democrats were also replaced by Republicans in Utah, where House Speaker

barrass the Governor, Gardner, heir to a Weyerhaeuser lumber fortune, styles himself a "citizen politician." He traveled through the state like a breath of fresh Cascades air, accusing Spellman of creating back-passing commissions to deal with fiscal problems. Spellman fought back by claiming that Gardner was a "shill of labor." The charge backfired when the Teamsters withdrew their endorsement of the Governor.

In Missouri, the G.O.P. retained the governorship that Christopher ("Kit") Bond was required to give up after serving two terms. His successor, Attorney General John Ashcroft, 42, a born-again Christian who sometimes ended his stump speeches with a gospel hymn from one of the record albums he has co-recorded. Ashcroft beat back the challenge of Democrat Kenneth Rothman, 49, Lieutenant Governor for the past four years. A graduate of Yale and the son of a minister, Ashcroft defended his failure to

theme: that it was time for a change.

By far the closest race was in Vermont, where former Lieutenant Governor Madeleine Kunin, 51, a Democrat, and Republican Attorney General John Easton, 41, were locked in a contest that may not be decided for days. On the basis of an unofficial count, Kunin was the apparent victor, making her one of two women Governors in the nation (the other: Kentucky's Martha Layne Collins). But the vote may be subject to a recount. During the campaign, Kunin had accused Easton of wanting to be only a "caretaker Governor" at a time when Vermont needed "active, creative leadership." Easton admitted he was no activist, but he effectively cultivated the common touch by spending 25 days performing manual labor with work crews. Depending on the outcome of his race, it could prove useful experience.

—By William R. Doerner, Reported by Joelle Attinger/Montpelier and Benjamin W. Cate/Seattle, with other bureaus

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Taking Matters into Their Own Hands

Citizens weigh in on taxes, gambling and false teeth

The national passion for referendums and initiatives, grown so intense over the past decade, remains as ardent as ever. Voters in 43 states this year cast ballots on more than 200 statewide measures involving subjects that ranged from tax cuts to guidelines for vendors of false teeth. California fielded the most, with 17, followed by Arizona, 15. Originally pioneered by progressives early in the century, the proposals this year were often employed by conservatives seeking to ban state funding of abortions or permit prayer in public schools. Said Sue Thomas, executive director of the Denver-based National Center for Initiative Review: "The ballot measures represent the hope of people that they can solve their problems more quickly."

Californians in 1978 passed Proposition 13, which slashed property taxes by 5½%, and cries of "tax revolt" were soon heard across the U.S. But this year voters were not in the mood for new tax-cut initiatives. In Michigan, they soundly defeated Proposal C, which was designed to roll back state and local property taxes to 1981 levels and force the state legislature to muster a four-fifths majority for income tax increases. It would also have required voter approval for all new levies. Opposing the proposition was an unusual coalition of critics, including Democratic Governor James Blanchard, the state's leading corporations (General Motors, Ford Motor and Chrysler), the AFL-CIO, educators and former G.O.P. Governors William Milliken and George Romney. They helped persuade voters that the measure would have drastically shrunk state services, especially education.

In California, Howard Jarvis, father of the 1978 tax rebellion, failed to rally voters behind Proposition 36, an initiative to plug the loopholes local governments have used to produce revenues since Proposition 13. The Jarvis plan would have barred cities and counties from raising fees for services, such as garbage collection or street maintenance, without the approval of two-thirds of the local voters. It also provided for a property tax rebate (average amount: \$300) for 40% of the state's households. The proposal attracted a diverse chorus of critics, including Republican Governor George Deukmejian and the AFL-CIO, who warned voters that Proposition 36 would batter local governments and damage the state's credit rating.

Nevada voters turned down Question 12, which would have required a two-thirds vote of the state legislature plus a majority vote of the electorate before any

tax or fee, even on dog licenses, could be levied or raised. It would have put a 5% cap on property tax increases. Democratic Governor Richard Bryan and Republican Lieutenant Governor Bob Cashell were strong opponents, as were members of the state's influential gaming industry, who feared Question 12 would result in higher gambling taxes.

In Oregon, voters appeared to have rejected a proposal to limit property tax rates to 1.5% of the assessed valuation and

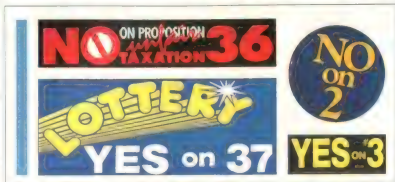
to roll back assessments to their 1981 levels. A new wrinkle, borrowed from Jarvis' Proposition 36, would have limited the ability of officials to impose fees for various municipal services to make up for the forgone tax money.

The spiraling cost of health care emerged as a major issue in Arizona, where voters faced a confusing set of five questions. Democratic Governor Bruce Babbitt and three of the state's largest employers strongly backed two cost-containment proposals. One would have imposed a stringent pricing system on the state's \$1.5 billion hospital industry, while the other would have created a three-member board empowered to veto hospital building projects. Republican legislators formed a coalition with hospitals and doctors and tried to blunt the measures by proposing three of their own ballot items that stressed competition over regulations. The two groups spent more than \$3 million on publicity campaigns urging citizens to veto the other side's plans. Voters, perhaps confused by all the claims and charges, ended up rejecting all five proposals.

Initiatives on gambling were popular this year. Voters in California, Oregon, Missouri and West Virginia approved state lotteries. Seventeen states and the District of Columbia already have lotteries. Missourians, apparently in a wagering mood,

also gave the nod to legal betting on horse racing. Arkansas voters, though, mixed an initiative to allow casinos in Garland County, home of the Hot Springs resort. Democratic Governor Bill Clinton, who grew up in Hot Springs at a time when illegal casinos flourished there, came out squarely against the measure. In Colorado, Democratic Governor Richard Lamm helped defeat a proposal that would have allowed the construction of casinos near the depressed steel town of Pueblo.

The nuclear freeze, which called for both the Soviet Union and the U.S. to halt the production, testing and deployment of nuclear weapons, appeared on nine state ballots in 1982. This year it was at issue only in South Dakota, where the resolution was not adopted. Voters in Ann Arbor, Mich., and Santa Monica, Calif., the home of the Rand Corp., voted not to

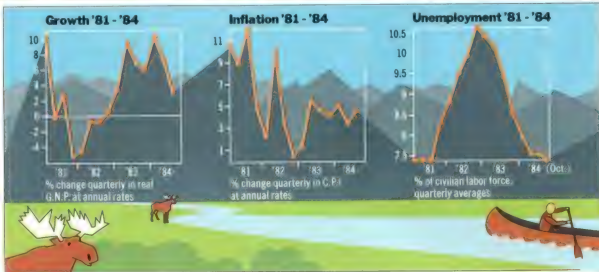


make their communities "nuclear-free zones." But several counties in Washington and Oregon and Napa, Calif., passed such measures.

Some of the most controversial national issues were on state ballots. West Virginia easily approved a state constitutional amendment authorizing "voluntary contemplation, meditation or prayer in school classrooms." Washington voters defeated a proposal that would have forbidden state funding for abortions, but the electorate in Colorado passed a similar initiative. Maine turned down a state equal rights amendment by a large majority. Voters approved the death penalty in Oregon, making it the country's 39th to place the punishment on its books. The measure, which was supported by Republican Governor Victor Atiyeh, began as the personal crusade of a suburban housewife whose neighbor had been murdered.

A slightly less weighty issue faced voters in Montana. The Freedom of Choice in Denture Services Act proposed permitting trained professional denturists, as well as dentists, to fit and sell false teeth. Proponents argued that the proposition would save denture wearers as much as 50%, while dentists warned about health hazards. Montana voters sided with the denturists. —By Susan Tiffi, Reported by Richard Woodbury/Los Angeles, with other bureaus

Election '84



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

Smooth Waters Now, but Rapids Ahead

Budget and trade deficits trouble the second-term outlook

"The President's economic task in the next four years will be as formidable as anything he faced in the last four."

Henry Kaufman's grim predictions have made the Salomon Brothers chief economist Wall Street's leading doomsayer. But his assessment of the economic problems that President Reagan must tackle in his second term is widely shared by economists and business leaders. After a first term in which he presided over historic cuts in taxes and social spending combined with a major military buildup, Reagan now must confront the largest and most menacing budget deficits in U.S. history. Along with them have come woes ranging from an unprecedented international trade gap (an estimated \$114 billion) to jitters about interest rates and worries about the continued health of the business recovery.

Impressive economic improvements took place during Reagan's first term. Heading the list is the drop in inflation, from a high of more than 12% in the year before Reagan took office to a current level of about 4.5%. That has been coupled with a booming rebound after the severe 1981-82 recession. Unemployment meanwhile has been holding steady at 7.4%, after reaching a high of 10.6% at the bottom of the recession.

But all that is history. The Administration now must keep the economy humming along. Says Rimmer de Vries, chief

international economist of Morgan Guaranty Trust: "The top priority is to make sure the economic expansion continues." The U.S. recovery is about to celebrate its second birthday. Since World War II, the average upturn has lasted about four years, and so it is unlikely that the Reagan Administration will go through its entire second term without another economic dip, perhaps a sizable one.

A sharp drop in the growth of the gross national product, from 8.6% during the first half of 1984 to 2.7% in the third quarter, has already raised fears that the economy may be sliding into a new downturn. Some experts are worried that the U.S. may be heading at least into a so-called growth recession, in which the G.N.P. expands too slowly to keep unemployment from rising.

Most economists, however, doubt that a new slump is likely any time soon. The economy does not now show the signs normally visible just before a recession. Business inventories are generally low, consumers are still spending, and corporations continue to invest. Experts think the economy is simply shifting from the torrid pace of this year's first half to a more sustainable growth rate. Says Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson: "This is a lull, but not a lull that has come to stay." Concur Alan Greenspan, President Ford's chief economist:

"As best I can judge, it's just a pause."

The biggest danger to continued, long-term growth is the gargantuan federal budget deficit, which amounted to \$175 billion in the past fiscal year. Data Resources, a major economic forecasting firm, expects the shortfall to reach \$227 billion by 1988. "The budget deficit has to be attacked aggressively," says American Motors Chairman Paul Tiptett. "That ought to be No. 1 on the Hit Parade." Failure to act, Tiptett adds, will either drive interest rates up or force the Government "to float enough paper money to bring back inflation."

The Administration's own estimates, prepared by the Office of Management and Budget, predict that the deficits will total \$846 billion over the next four years. That would raise the national debt to \$2.2 trillion. When Reagan took office in 1981, it was \$750 billion. This year alone, interest payments on the national debt will be \$134 billion.

The deficits will have to be financed by huge Government borrowing, which may force interest rates up. While the benchmark prime rate has slid from 20% to 12% since Reagan took office, including several recent drops, it is likely to go back up again without some action on the deficit. A higher rate would force both consumers and companies to cut back on their investment plans, and could all by itself push the economy into a recession.

Nothing happened during the election campaign to convince business leaders that the Administration is serious about tackling the deficit problem. Says Ford Chairman Philip Caldwell: "We have to control the budget deficit, and at this point there is no clear plan to do it." Concur Leon Cooperman, chief portfolio strategist for Wall Street's Goldman Sachs: "Reagan set out four years ago to lift national prestige by raising defense

spending, reducing taxes, bringing down the oppressively high rate of inflation and balancing the budget. He has done a great job in accomplishing three of these goals, and has failed miserably on the budget."

Reagan has shown moderate concern about the deficit at best. Observers both inside and outside the White House say the President is so pleased with the economic results of his first term that he does not feel there is any strong need to change the approach. Says one Administration official: "In the President's own mind, the first four years have been as close to perfection as possible." Concur Charles Schultze, who was chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Carter: "I think he really believes he has found the goose that laid the golden egg." In an interview with TIME last week, Reagan said suggestions of a shift in his policies are "like asking a quarterback who has taken the team from his own ten-yard line down to the opposing team's 20-yard line if he is going to change his game plan? No. It's working."

At least until now, Reagan has gone along with Treasury Secretary Donald Regan and supply-side economists, who hold that a combination of strong growth and new spending cuts will eliminate the deficit by the end of the 1980s. They argue that 4% annual G.N.P. increases plus a slowdown in the expansion of Government outlays are all that is needed to balance the budget.

That outlook, however, is not shared by everyone in the Reagan Administration. A group that includes Chief of Staff James Baker and Budget Director David Stockman wants a more vigorous attack on the deficit. One senior Administration official calls the supply-side scenario "wildly optimistic." The aide says it is based on unrealistic projections "that would make this recovery longer and stronger than most postwar cycles."

These advisers want to continue pushing for spending cuts, but are willing to accept tax increases as a last resort. Said one policymaker: "We would like to have as little tax increase as possible, as few defense cuts as possible and as many domestic spending cuts as are feasible." Their goal is to get the deficit down to something in the \$30 billion to \$40 billion range by 1989. The President, though, may not accept any tax hikes. As recently as last weekend the President told an Arkansas campaign rally that taxes would be raised in his second term "over my dead body."

One expert who believes that Reagan will nonetheless agree to raise revenues to narrow the budget gap is Martin Feldstein, who returned to Harvard in July after two years as chairman of Reagan's Council of Economic Advisers. "The budget deficit is the remaining issue on the President's original agenda," says Feldstein, "and he will work to bring it down. He will make cuts on the spending side, but in the end he will compromise and we will

see additional tax revenues as well."

Feldstein expects the increases to come from a tax-reform program the Treasury Department will present to the White House next month. The President told TIME last week: "We are looking at a tax reform. Is it possible that we can even make the tax system provide more incentives?" While details are sketchy, Secretary Regan has already said that he favors replacing the present graduated income tax with some kind of flat tax, one that would reduce the differences between the highest and lowest tax brackets. The goal of the new program is to simplify the tax system and eliminate the loopholes through which billions of dollars now escape taxation. While many deductions would be dropped, overall tax rates would come down sharply. At present, they range from 11% to 50%. The rates under plans that have already been introduced in Congress by both Republicans and Democrats would start as low as 6% and climb to 34%.

As now envisaged, the Administration's flat tax would simplify the tax system but would not raise any new revenues. Feldstein, though, believes that Congress will alter the proposal to allow the new tax to collect more money, in order to help close the deficit. Regan, predicts the former CEA chief, would accept such changes.

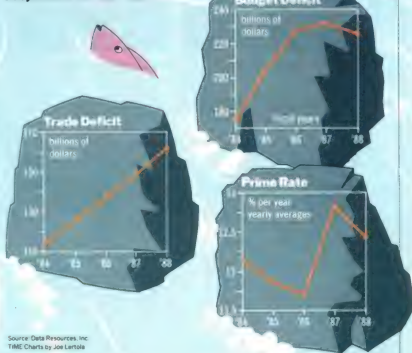
Taxes and the deficit are certain to be controversial political issues next year. New York Representative Barber Conable, who is retiring from Congress after being the ranking Republican on the House Ways and Means Committee, believes it would be best to separate deficit cutting from tax reform and to deal with

the deficit first. Says he: "People expect that whatever is billed as tax reform will bring about a reduction in what they pay. But that isn't easy to do if you're starting at the bottom of a \$170 billion hole." Martin Anderson, a former Reagan adviser, believes the Administration will press for constitutional amendments that would limit Government spending, require a balanced budget, and empower the President to veto specific budget items. Says Anderson: "The President is talking about a fundamental change in economic strategy, and he will push it."

Reagan has another big deficit to worry about in a second term: the trade deficit, which is a painful side effect of the federal budget deficit and the strong dollar. High interest rates caused by Government borrowing encourage foreigners to invest their money in the U.S. This in turn drives up the value of American currency, which makes imports enticingly cheap and creates bargains for Americans traveling abroad. But a rising dollar can be devastating to U.S. firms selling in foreign markets, since it pushes up the price of everything from General Electric jet engines to Caterpillar tractors. Since Reagan took office, the dollar has increased in value by 60% against the major world currencies. If the dollar remains high, says M.I.T. Economist Lester Thurow, "American industry will be run out of business, and the President will face enormous pressures for protection."

While it espouses free trade, the Administration already has granted requests for restrictions on such imports as motorcycles, cars and steel. Nor is it just older industries that are protesting. "Most high-

Projections for '85 - '88



Election '84

tech companies have been very hard hit," says C. Norman Winningstad, chairman of Floating Point Systems, an Oregon computer company. Allen Paulson, the chairman of Savannah's Gulfstream Aerospace, is blunt about the strong dollar's impact: "Somebody has to put an end to this insanity."

In the past three weeks, the value of U.S. currency has fallen a bit. Since mid-October the dollar has lost 5% of its value against major foreign currencies. The dollar is now worth less than three West German marks for the first time in nearly two months. Analysts attribute the slide largely to a decline in U.S. interest rates. Some economists, including Britain's Stephen Marris, warn that the Reagan Administration should be worried about a precipitous fall in the value of the dollar. In a world of freely floating exchange rates, the dollar could drop just as far during the second Reagan term as it rose in the first. A sharp

chairman. Voleker was originally named by Carter, but was reappointed in June 1983 by Reagan. At the time, it was believed that Voleker would leave in 1985, even though his term as chairman runs until 1987, so that the President could appoint his own person to that key position. If Voleker does go, a possible successor might be Preston Martin, the Reagan-appointed Vice Chairman of the Federal Reserve. The Reagan Administration has criticized the Federal Reserve for not allowing the money supply to grow faster, thus keeping interest rates high, and it is expected to look for someone who would be more accommodating than Voleker.

Budget Director Stockman may also leave. He has already served longer than most in his demanding job. Stockman is expected, though, to remain in office at least until next year's budget takes effect a year from now.

Treasury Secretary Regan is likely to

firm of Lazard Frères & Co. David Coffin, chairman of Dexter Corp., a Connecticut manufacturer of everything from adhesives to tea-bag paper, agrees: "Reagan is No. 1. You know where he comes from because he has a proven record of action over the last four years. President Reagan is good for business—it's that simple."

Many businessmen and women worked hard for Reagan's re-election. Among them was PepsiCo Chairman Donald Kendall, a leader of Business Groups for Reagan-Bush '84, and co-chairman of a drive to get out the vote. Says he: "I've written letters to nearly all of corporate America, to medium and large companies, to chambers of commerce, and we set up regional committees and state chairmen."

Rhonda Morris, president of her own construction firm in Austin, regularly set her alarm for 5 a.m. during the campaign to get an early start on sending out elec-



■ Volcker may leave in 1985



■ Regan is likely to remain



■ Stockman could stay the year

and quick fall in the dollar would cause U.S. inflation to shoot up because the cost of imports would rise.

Some new economic policymakers may be coming into office to tackle the problems of the second Reagan term. The policy group remained remarkably stable during the first term. Treasury Secretary Regan, Budget Director Stockman and Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker have all served since the beginning of the Administration. The only economic policy group in turmoil has been the Council of Economic Advisers. There have been two council chairmen in four years: Murray Weidenbaum of Washington University in St. Louis and Feldstein, and the post has been unoccupied since July. The council, though, has been reduced in power and importance under Regan, who distrusts economists. Indeed, he tends to be his own chief economist.

The most important shift could be the appointment of a new Federal Reserve

stay at his post for the second term. The former chairman of Merrill Lynch clearly enjoys the job and has a comfortable working relationship with both the President and the powerful White House staff.

Regan is expected to name a new chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers shortly. A frequently named candidate is Jack Albertine, a strong Reagan supporter and president of the American Business Conference, a lobbying organization for medium-size companies. His appointment would break the tradition of giving the job to a well-known economist.

One of the Administration's strongest allies as it tries to keep the economy expanding during the second term will be the business community. Reagan enjoys the enthusiastic backing of America's corporate leaders. "I would say that business has never been more supportive of a President since I have been able to read and write," says Felix Rohatyn, 56, a Democrat and senior partner of the investment banking

firm of Lazard Frères & Co. "That was the only way I could do my job and do the Reagan stuff at the same time," she says. As voter-registration chairman for the National Association of Home Builders, Morris contacted nearly 1,000 company presidents to persuade them to distribute boxes of voter-registration cards. In Chicago, George Fisk joined the Reagan re-election drive after retiring in September as senior vice president of Container Corp. of America. Says he: "What better thing could I do? I could hardly look at myself in the mirror if he didn't win and I hadn't worked for him."

The deficit now seems to stand as the primary barrier to a new era of strong economic growth. If the deficit can be controlled, the second Reagan Administration could leave a record of economic success that would eclipse the triumphs of the first term. —By John Greenwald. Reported by Christopher Redman/Washington and Adam Zagorin/New York

Maybe they aren't ready for everything they learn.

It's no secret that kids learn about more things at school than just schoolwork. Often, their peers instruct them in the ways of the adult world.

For example, smoking.
Against your wishes.

And ours.

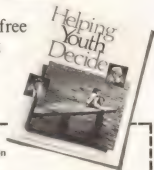
We believe smoking is an adult custom, and that the decision whether to smoke or not

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World

INDIA

Getting a Baptism by Fire

An untested new leader tries to quell the flames of hatred

"**I**ndira is India, India is Indira." That once ubiquitous slogan seemed even truer in death than in life. No less shocking than the assassination of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi by two Sikh bodyguards was the brutality that erupted across India in its wake. Frenzied mobs of young Hindu thugs, thirsting for revenge, burned Sikh-owned stores to the ground, dragged Sikhs out of their homes, cars and trains, then clubbed them to death or set them aflame before raging off in search of other victims. The death toll approached 2,000, and in Delhi, where more than 550 died, four days of madness and murder also left some 20,000 Sikhs crowded into refugee camps. Suddenly a nation that had thought of Indira as its mother seemed rudderless and orphaned. "Over the years, Madame kept us in check," said a senior Indian journalist. "Once she is gone, we go berserk."

That orgy of death and disorder pointed up as nothing else the daunting task faced by India's new Prime Minister, Indira's son Rajiv, 40, who determinedly assumed a burden for which scarcely three years of political apprenticeship had little prepared him. After ceremoniously igniting his mother's funeral pyre, Rajiv met with a score of foreign dignitaries who had attended the funeral, including U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz. "Gandhi came through with a sort of quiet strength that I find reassuring," said Shultz after their meeting. The new leader also met with Pakistan's President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq, whose presence—the first by a Pakistani head of state at the funeral of an Indian Prime Minister—seemed a promising gesture of good will. That same day, at his first Cabinet meeting, Gandhi disclosed that he would serve as his own Foreign Minister.

After that initial bow to foreign affairs, Rajiv concentrated on restoring order and confidence to Indian life. He lost no time in establishing a commission of inquiry, headed by a Supreme Court justice, to investigate the slaying of his mother. He visited the ravaged, riot-torn areas of his capital in a tour that the pro-Gandhi *National Herald* declared "had an efficacious and reassuring impact on the morale of the people." Then, in answer to chilling claims that the police had simply shrugged their shoulders or looked away while the bloodbath continued, the new Prime Minister fired the Lieutenant-Governor of Delhi, P.G. Gavaia, and replaced



Looking for unity: Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi strives to heal his people's wounds



Crowded into makeshift refugee camps, survivors told horror stories of what they had endured. "The government, the police turned their backs while Sikhs were slaughtered."

him with Home Secretary M.M.K. Wali.

Early this week, some semblance of normal life was beginning, ever so tentatively, to return to the capital. Banks opened, residents ventured into the streets again, and vendors reappeared in market areas. But the tranquility seemed tenuous. While combat troops patrolled the city in olive armed personnel carriers and Jeeps mounted with machine guns, tan-uniformed policemen wielding bamboo sticks stood guard at every street corner. That, however, was no guarantee of law-and-order. Two TIME photographers were attacked by Hindu toughs who smashed the glasses of one and tore two cameras from the neck of the other.

If the authorities were conspicuous by their presence, so were the Sikhs by their absence. Largely gone from the streets were the familiar bearded, turbaned men who have traditionally driven cabs and manned stores all around the capital. Half their cabs had been burned, perhaps 70% of their shops had been devastated. Some of the Sikhs fled to their homeland of Punjab; some still covered inside the houses of Hindu neighbors. Others, whose homes were destroyed or had to be abandoned, huddled together within makeshift refugee camps.

There they could do nothing except repeat horror stories of the chaos and carnage that had swept through more than 80 cities. In a camp set up in the Gandhi Memorial Higher School in Delhi, one Sikh survivor after another described how friends and loved ones had been murdered. "My three sons were burned alive," quietly began Amrik Singh, a sad-eyed man whose gray beard had been forcibly



Trains of death rolled into Delhi

shaved a silver stubble by a mob wielding knives. "They came to my house. They dragged my sons out. They put petrol on them and set them on fire." Near by, Purani Kaur, 60, leaned against a wall in the dusty school courtyard, her eyelids almost swollen shut. "They came to my house with swords and bricks," she said as friends reached out to steady her. "All my five sons and my son-in-law were killed." In a dark corner of a corridor, Amrit Kaur sat with her head swathed in a blood-soaked bandage. "My husband was burned alive. My children were beaten senseless. Then my house was set on fire. My children could not come out, and they

were burned inside." With that she broke down and began to weep.

Off to one side of the courtyard women squatted beside a fire, making bread. "There is no food, no water here supplied by the government," complained Satpal Singh, a government stenographer. "Now the people who killed us are free." A 90-year-old man showed the wound across his forehead where gangs of rampaging toughs had ripped off his turban and almost scalped him while cutting the hair that Sikhs must by religion keep unshorn. "The government, the police did nothing to protect us," he said. "They turned their backs while Sikhs were slaughtered."

Amid the shame and shock, however, there were a few reassuring stories. Some Hindus, at great risk to themselves, organized units for defending Sikh dwellings; some gave sanctuary to their Sikh friends; others offered medical aid to the wounded. Moved by such gestures, 13 prominent Sikh writers and intellectuals issued a statement to "put on record our gratitude to our Hindu brethren." Rajiv also pledged that the government would pay fixed amounts for every Sikh wounded or killed and for every home damaged or destroyed.

While trying to heal his nation's wounds, the new Prime Minister had asserted his power skillfully. But he had also, in his first week in office, acquired the problem of wide-scale Sikh homelessness to add to the burning fuse of Sikh restlessness. After all the tributes paid to Indira Gandhi, the finest, he knew, would be a resolution to the Sikh problem that had ended his mother's life, and that, if unresolved, could end many more. —By Pico Iyer. Reported by Dean Brells and James Willwerth/New Delhi

Diplomatic Word Games

A good meeting" was how a cautious State Department official described the talk between Secretary of State George Shultz and Soviet Premier Nikolai Tikhonov in New Delhi. In the first high-level meeting between the two nations since President Reagan's White House get-together with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in September, the two men conferred for 20 minutes at the Soviet embassy, following Indira Gandhi's funeral. Afterward, Shultz said he had relayed U.S. wishes for a "constructive relationship," while Soviet TV reported that Tikhonov had made a plea for "peaceful co-existence."

The polite language of diplomacy only partly disguised Washington's fury over the Soviet press's accusations that the Central Intelligence Agency was behind Mrs. Gandhi's assassination. The day after the Indian leader's death, the Soviet news agency TASS reported that Sikh "extremists and spies" had admitted being trained by the CIA. Pravda, the Communist Party daily, also contended that the CIA had stirred up the separatist movement in India. An angry Shultz spent the first half of the meeting with Ti-

khnov complaining about the news accounts, adding that the U.S. would hold the Soviets responsible if American lives in India were threatened because of the charges.

Tikhonov blandly assured Shultz that TASS was only quoting "outside sources" and that the allegations did not reflect the Kremlin's official view. A State Department aide characterized the exchange somewhat differently. Said the official: "There was a lot of shouting." Some Western diplomats in Moscow speculated that the Soviet charges were meant to deflect attention from Italian Judge Ilario Martella's report indicting three Bulgarians (and by implication the Soviet KGB) for conspiring to murder Pope John Paul II in 1981.

The meeting grew more cordial when the two discussed

the need for better relations. Tikhonov told Shultz he hoped to see him in Moscow soon. "Is that an invitation?" Shultz asked. "That is Foreign Minister Gromyko's job, not mine," Tikhonov replied. "But I presume we will see more of you." It is perhaps as well that the pair did not agree to get together too soon. Three days later, in his first major speech since his Washington visit, Gromyko pointedly referred to Mrs. Gandhi's murder as "a heinous crime" and blasted "the criminal policy of state terrorism pursued by the U.S."



Through an interpreter, Tikhonov chats with Shultz

World



Pressure to participate: Nicaraguan voters await the opening of the polls

NICARAGUA

First Trip to the Polls

The Sandinistas win, as expected, and the U.S. remains critical

Before the election the atmosphere was charged with loud and often violent disagreement. The pressure to participate was high: many citizens feared that they would lose precious food-rationing cards if they failed to register to vote. Yet after the tension of the preliminaries, election day in Nicaragua last Sunday came as something of an anticlimax. There was little of the exuberance, or the fear, that had been variously predicted for the country's first trip to the polls since the 1979 revolution that overthrew Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle. Indeed, the Nicaraguan election mood was one of indifference, as citizens lined up to make their choices, then ink their thumbs as a guarantee against double voting. Random visits to polling sites seemed to show that participation by the country's 1.6 million voters was less than the roughly 82% turnout that the ruling Sandinista National Liberation Front claimed as evidence of the election's success.

The outcome was never in doubt. With roughly half of the presidential and legislative ballots counted, about 63% had gone to the Sandinistas and the front's presidential candidate, Daniel Ortega Saavedra, 38. The early results also appeared to guarantee a substantial smattering of representation in a new 90-seat National Assembly for the six other parties on the ballot. The veneer of pluralism, however, will be thin. Four of the parties in the race, including the Sandinistas, were Marxist-Leninist in orientation. Of the three non-Communist parties, one, the Independent Liberals, remained on the ballot even though the party leadership had tried to withdraw from the race, charging that the contest was unfair.

In Washington, the State Department, which maintains that it did not try to influence the outcome of the election, adopted a harshly critical tone in assessing the result. "It wasn't a very good election," said Department Spokesman John Hughes. "It was just a piece of theater for the Sandinistas." On Tuesday evening, U.S. intelligence sources told *TIME* that a Soviet ship due to tie up in a Nicaraguan port was carrying twelve shipping crates of the type used to transport high-performance MiG-21 jet fighters. The Soviets, they reported, last week had already delivered more than half a dozen Hind assault helicopters with night-flying capability and firepower equal to that of the most powerful American gunships. If so, it would mark the first time the Soviets have shipped weapons directly to Nicaragua instead of using Bulgarian and Cuban intermediaries. Such a move would be a direct challenge to clear U.S. warnings that the delivery of sophisticated aircraft

would constitute an unacceptable destabilization of the regional balance of power.

The U.S. had pushed hard for elections in which all parties felt free to participate. But counting the Independent Liberals, five parties refused to take part on the grounds that the procedures under which the elections were held were unfair. Serving as an umbrella organization for the other nonparticipants was Nicaragua's most prominent opposition group, the *Coordinadora*, an amalgam of four opposition political parties, labor unions and businessmen led by Arturo Cruz Porras, a former Sandinista junta member. As a result, in Washington's view, no one except the Sandinistas had any chance to win.

Although the election was meant, in the words of a Sandinista *comandante*, to define the country's "political order," power will remain in the hands of the nine-member National Directorate. A more important purpose of the balloting was to convince the world that the Sandinistas intend to abide by their longstanding promises of democracy and political pluralism. Some 450 foreign observers watched the Nicaraguan balloting, but there were no official delegations from the major Western industrial democracies. The absence of observers from the hostile Reagan Administration was no surprise. But Canada also declined to send a delegation, as did every member of the European Community, with the exception of The Netherlands.

The indifferent voter response was a surprise, since the government had made it clear that it considered failure to vote a counterrevolutionary stance. In the days prior to the election, members of Nicaragua's neighborhood Sandinista Defense Committees carried that message door to door. Presidential Candidate Ortega stressed the same theme at a mammoth windup campaign rally in Managua, the capital, three days before the balloting. As some 300,000 people filled the huge, newly constructed Plaza of the Heroes and Martyrs on the shore of Lake Managua, Ortega declared, "All Nicaraguans who are Nicaraguans are going to vote. The only ones who are not going to vote are sellouts."

The Sandinistas are pinning many of their hopes of bringing political calm to Nicaragua on private talks called a "national dialogue." The first round, held the week before the election, brought together about 30 Nicaraguan political parties, social and labor organizations, from conservative to extreme left. But those attending the talks have only a consulting role. National Directorate Member Carlos Núñez Téllez declares that giving authority to the group would constitute "putting a brake on the powers of the state."

—By George Russell,
Reported by Jane Erlick and Janice C.
Simpson/Managua



Sandinista Candidate Ortega gives an ink thumbs-up

"The only ones who are not going to vote are sellouts."

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World

MIDDLE EAST

Inflation Crisis

Facing up to a disaster

Ever since his new National Unity government took office two months ago, Israel's Prime Minister Shimon Peres has been searching for ways to solve his country's economic crisis. The percentage change in the consumer price index, or inflation rate, which just last July was 307%, by last month was estimated to have reached an incredible 1,300% at a compounded annual rate. As soon as he took office, Peres and his Cabinet announced a cut of \$1 billion from the current \$23 billion budget. But two economists advised the government that a cut of another \$1 billion was necessary. Peres was reluctant to take that step, fearing that the second cut would cause heavy unemployment. Last week, however, as inflation continued to soar, he was reported ready to make further cuts.

Early this week his government announced the strongest medicine it has yet imposed to correct Israel's economic ills: a three-month freeze on all prices, wages, profits and taxes. The plan, which is designed to cut the inflation rate in half by January, was approved both by the Histadrut, the giant labor federation that represents about 1.5 million workers, and by the Manufacturers Association. Neither liked the plan very much, but both realized that some sort of drastic belt tightening was essential. As Avi Pelosoff, a spokesman for the manufacturers association, put it, "In the last two or three months, we lost control of our business, and it was no joke. Nobody knew if he was losing money or how much money he was losing." A government worker, complaining that her real income has declined by 50% over the past year, put the wage earner's case succinctly: "I'm doing work that I feel is quite responsible and important, and I take home the measly sum of \$200 a month. How am I supposed to live on that?"

Under the emergency plan, labor agrees to take a one-third cut in its cost of living allowance, the sliding-scale device by which it has been protected from the country's runaway inflation. Manufacturers will be obliged to make cost of living adjustments on the remaining two-thirds of the allowance but will be unable to raise prices during this period. Thus both labor and management will feel the squeeze. One problem arose when the Histadrut demanded to know whether such government-subsidized goods as milk, bread and

public transportation would be included in the price freeze. The government thought it over and said they would.

Will the plan work? "It's a good thing," said one Jerusalem housewife. "Finally the government has tried to do something." A more cynical view of many Israelis was that the government would find it difficult to enforce the freeze on retail prices. As a Tel Aviv shopper put it, "When the supervisory teams come around to a store, the store will sell items at the legal price. When the team leaves, the prices will be raised. I don't think it will work."

Another danger is that the plan, by forcing businesses to continue paying living allowances while selling their goods at controlled prices, could cause marginal enterprises to fail. In recent days an air-charter company shut down, and a large textile concern was on the verge of

925%

September 1984

All in all, the plan was clearly a "difficult package," as Peres put it.

A second important objective of the Peres government received a minor setback this week. Israel and Lebanon were supposed to have held direct military talks at United Nations headquarters in the southern Lebanese town of Naqura, to work out security arrangements in preparation for an Israeli withdrawal from Lebanon. At first the talks were to have begun Monday. But at the last moment the Lebanese government asked for a postponement until later in the week. The reason: President Amin Gemayel and Prime Minister Rashid Karami wanted to make sure they had the support of the full Lebanese Cabinet. Nabih Berri, the Shiite leader, was in Algiers. Walid Jumblatt, the Druze leader, had been boycotting Cabinet meetings for some time. "We still don't trust this damned Lebanese Army,"

525%

August 1984

he said recently. But Jumblatt's resistance has been undermined by Syria's public support of the talks.

Once again, in Lebanon, there were ominous threats by Islamic Jihad, the shadowy terrorist organization, of further acts of vengeance against Americans in the Middle East. U.S. authorities were fearful that the Muslim fanatics might try an act of terrorism to coincide with the American presidential elections. As a precaution, the U.S. asked the Lebanese armed forces to prevent aircraft from flying over the Beirut residence of U.S. Ambassador Reginald Bartholomew. It is the only building in which American diplomats are still functioning in Lebanon. ■

POLAND

Grim Tale

Details of a martyr's death

Thousands of Poles waited in long lines last week to file past the wreath-banked grave of Father Jerzy Popieluszko, 37, the outspoken Solidarity supporter who was murdered by the secret police. Church officials who viewed the martyred priest's body reported that he had been savagely beaten. A rope had been tied around his neck, wrists and ankles so that he would strangle himself if he struggled to get free. Three fingers of Popieluszko's left hand were sliced through to the bone, and there were deep gouges on his arms. His lungs contained enough water to indicate that he was still breathing, even if unconscious, when he was tossed, bound hand and foot, into a reservoir.

There were also signs that General Wojciech Jaruzelski, whose government has arrested and charged four secret-police officers and suspended a general in the security forces in connection with the kidnaping, may be looked in a battle with hard-liners in the regime who may have staged the abduction to embarrass him. According to the Communist Party daily *Trybuna Ludu*, Jaruzelski received a report on party efforts that would "further strengthen ideological unity" in the Interior Ministry, a sign that he was trying to marshal his forces against hard-liners. ■

IRELAND

Unseemly Cheer

A party praises terrorism

The 600 delegates who gathered in Dublin's 18th century Mansion House for the annual conference of Sinn Fein, the political wing of the Irish Republican Army, were exuberant. Reason: The I.R.A.'s success in planting the Brighton hotel bomb that last month almost killed British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and left four people dead and 34 injured. "Far from being a blow against democracy," thundered Sinn Fein President Gerry Adams from a platform flanked by huge posters of the devastated hotel, "it was a blow for democracy." Adams termed the bombing "an inevitable result of the British presence" in Northern Ireland, which he called "unwanted, illegal and immoral." Although the I.R.A. is banned in both Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic, Sinn Fein is not.

Adams also criticized the government of Irish Prime Minister Garret FitzGerald as a "small-potato republic mimicking its British imperialist masters." Thatcher and FitzGerald, who have been cooperating closely in the fight against I.R.A. terrorism, are scheduled to meet later this month to discuss the continuing problems that plague their mutual border. ■

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Science

Hidden Treasures at a Dead End

Ban Chiang finds point to a mysterious cradle of civilization

On a hot day in July 1966, Stephen Young was walking through the village of Ban Chiang in northeastern Thailand when he tripped across history. "I stumbled over the root of a kapok tree and ended up spread-eagle in the dirt, and under my face was the rim of a pot," recalls Young, who was then a 20-year-old Harvard student spending the summer researching a political-science thesis.

Once on his feet, he saw that the sloping path was studded with broken pots. Examining some of the fragments, Young, who is now dean of the law school at Hamline University in St. Paul, sensed that he had taken a fortunate fall. "It looked like the kind of pottery kids make in elementary school," he says. "There was no glazing, and the clay was lumpy fused. But there were painted patterns on the clay of a sophisticated design. I had never seen anything like this in Thailand."

Archaeologists were intrigued by the potsherds, some of which have since been dated at 3500 B.C., and they soon discovered even more intriguing objects at Ban Chiang: bronze tools and jewelry, such as anklets and bracelets, fashioned between 2500 and 1500 B.C., and iron implements and ornaments made around 1000 to 500 B.C. Says University of Pennsylvania Archaeologist Joyce White: "Finding these metal objects was completely unexpected. It has caused scientists to rethink traditional theories about the development of civilization in Southeast Asia."

White is curator of an exhibition called "Ban Chiang: Discovery of a Lost Bronze Age" that goes on display at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City this week. The exhibit, which travels to Los Angeles in March, is sponsored by the University of Pennsylvania and the National Museum of Thailand, both of which organized the major dig at the site in 1974-75. During the excavation, archaeologists and Thai officials battled looting and cave-ins to extract artifacts from the 62-acre mound.

Among the prize finds: three elegant ceramic pots made between 3500 and 2500 B.C., one with incised designs, that were placed atop the legs of a buried body; a large vessel with an intricate scroll pattern, dated 3000 to 2000 B.C., that was used to inter a two-year-old child, and a plain cup found near by that might have contained food for the baby; and two iron spearheads with bronze sockets (to hold wooden handles), dated



Tripping across history: pottery fragments at one site



Ceremonial vessels from an ancient grave

800 to 400 B.C., which are among the oldest iron objects found in eastern Asia.

Until the discovery of Ban Chiang, Southeast Asia had been largely dismissed by scholars as a cultural dead end. Rice cultivation was thought to have been introduced to Southeast Asia by way of China or the Near East. Metalworking techniques were said to have come from Mesopotamia or China.

The late Geographer Carl Sauer first

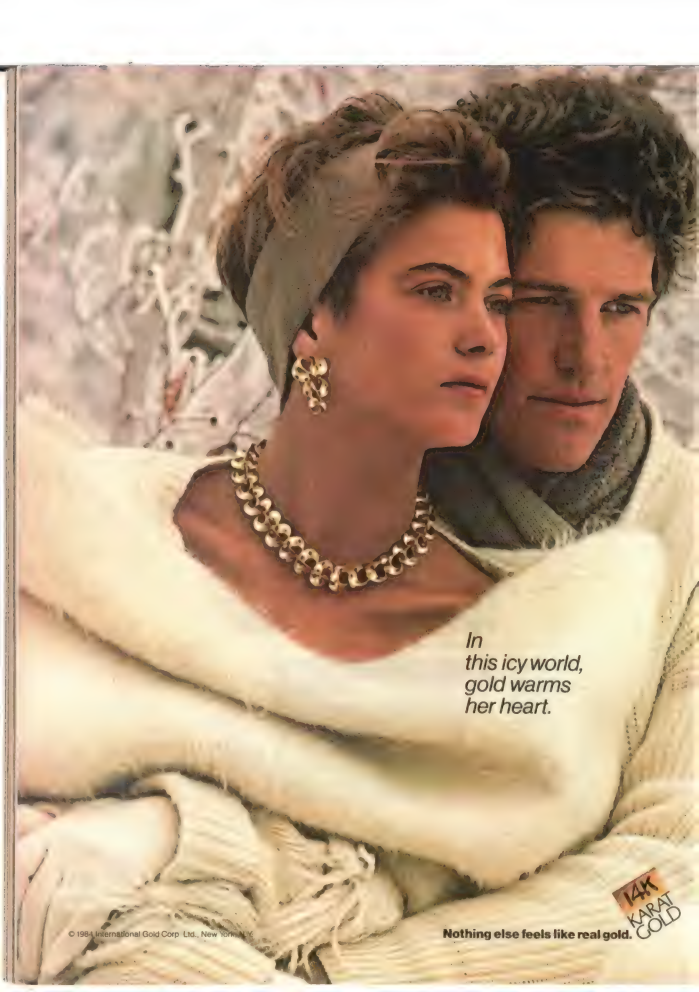
challenged those assumptions in 1952 when he suggested that the soil and climate in Southeast Asia were ideal for indigenous agricultural development. Then, in 1966, Archaeologist Donn Bayard unearthed bronze fragments and molds for making axes at Non Nok Tha in northeastern Thailand. Bayard also discovered at Non Nok Tha a puzzling copper tool that is a highlight of the Ban Chiang show. Made around 2500 B.C., it has been nicknamed WOST (world's oldest socketed tool) and might have been used as an ax or for digging. That same year, the late Archaeologist Chester Gorman discovered the remains of what seemed to be cultivated wild plants dating to 9700 B.C. at Spirit Cave in northeastern Thailand. Says Curator White: "That helped change the perception of Southeast Asian hunter-gatherers from poky primitives to lively experimenters with plant cultivation."

The excavation of Ban Chiang was one of the largest ever conducted in Southeast Asia. Initial faulty dating suggested Ban Chiang's metallurgists were working in bronze before 3000 B.C. and in iron before 1600 B.C. If correct, that would have pre-empted the claim of Mesopotamia in the Middle East to the title "cradle of civilization." Hustling local villagers did a brisk business selling pots, at first originals and later fakes. They also peddled bracelets, some of them still attached to the chopped-off arms of skeletons. Nevertheless, scholars sifting through 18 tons of debris salvaged 1 1/4 million pottery sherds, 200 intact pots, 2,000 artifacts and the remains of 127 bodies.

One surprising discovery: unlike the Bronze Age sites of the Near East, which were urban and militaristic, Ban Chiang was a rural, peaceful community. According to White, settlers arrived in the Ban Chiang region around 4000 B.C. and grew rice, raised cattle, pigs and chickens, and practiced elaborate funeral rites until about A.D. 200, when the culture mysteriously vanished.

Not all specialists agreed with White's assessment of the Ban Chiang discoveries. Harvard Anthropologist Robert Maddin believes that Ban Chiang metalworking techniques were imported. Says he: "Most physical scientists tend to come down in support of diffusion rather than independent invention." Curator White politely demurs: "The Ban Chiang people had a very sophisticated metallurgical tradition that apparently developed independently." On one point, though, all are agreed: Says Archaeologist Bayard: "In Southeast Asia, as elsewhere, prehistoric man was considerably more clever than we tend to acknowledge."

—By Anastasia Toufexis, Reported by Sara White/Boston and James Willwerth/Ban Chiang

A romantic couple is shown in a close embrace, wrapped in thick, white, textured winter clothing. The woman, in the foreground, has her hair styled up and wears a dark headband, large gold hoop earrings, and a chunky gold chain necklace. The man, behind her, has dark, curly hair and wears a dark scarf. The background is a soft-focus, snowy or icy landscape. The overall mood is intimate and cozy.

*In
this icy world,
gold warms
her heart.*

Sport

Twinkles in Two Men's Eyes

Miami's coach and quarterback have now won ten straight

When Don Shula was a rookie player in the National Football League, he was the only one who made the Cleveland Browns, a commentary on the quality of competition then and now. His John Carroll University classmate Carl Taseff made the cab squad. "Nice tackle, Taseff," Paul Brown observed at practice one day. "The name is Shula," he replied squarely, like his jaw, like everything about him, in a manner that chilled the veterans. But it actually warmed Brown, who was attracted to the twinkle in this young man's eye, which begins to describe Shula's instant affection for Dan Marino.

"He just had a twinkle in his eye," Shula says. In fact he has a twinkle all about him. He stands 6 ft. 3 in. but is made even taller by an eruption of sprung curls that overflow his football helmet in nervous homage to a bald father. Dan Marino Sr. drives a newspaper truck in Pittsburgh, and a charming tableau of their autumns at Pitt shows a man getting up at 3 every morning to deliver personally news of his boy in the *Post-Gazette*. The Marino home is not far from downtown, the beery old neighborhood of the steely old prizefighter Billy Conn, so Dan comes from the same state and state of mind as Johnny Unitas. George Blanda. Joe Namath. Joe Montana and possibly the quarterback position itself.

"Maybe they know about ups and downs there," Shula speculates. As a former defensive back, what does he really know about quarterbacking? "I used to call defensive signals, and was always trying to get into the quarterback's mind. What? How? Why? Where?" In Baltimore, Shula's second stop, Web Ewbank even required him to prepare for emergency service behind Unitas and George Shaw. When at 33 he became the Colts' head coach, youngest in the history of the league, Shula never tried to be Brown, Ewbank, Blanton Collier or any other coach of his experience. "The players can sense a copy," he thinks, and this has also been his view of quarterbacking. "I didn't try to jam Johnny Unitas' style down Bob Griese's throat. I never expected David Woodley to be Griese."

The season before last, at 24, Woodley returned the Miami Dolphins. Shula's charges these past 15 years, to the Super Bowl. If the results against Washington were more than turned-around from what they had been in the undefeated season of 1972, Shula and the Dolphins plainly were on a bright course again and did not plan to draft a quarterback. But, because of his senior slump, and the seamy rumors that have become football's automatic explanation for any irregularities, Marino



Marino gets set to do his fling

was still bobbing in the pool after five quarterbacks had been fished out: John Elway, Todd Blackledge, Jim Kelly, Tony Eason and Ken O'Brien. To Shula, it was an irresistible 27th pick. "Some people were saying that Dan had been 'pushing' the ball instead of throwing it, but all I could see was how quickly he let go of it, and how tremendous his peripheral vision seemed to be. Look at him on the practice field: always listening, thinking, never distracted." Preposterously, Marino put Shula in mind of Nick Buoniconti, the little Italian linebacker of the '70s. "The way the message didn't take long to go from Nick's brain to his feet, it didn't take long to go from Dan's brain to his arm."

It didn't take long for Shula to go from Woodley to Marino. At the sixth week of last season, the quarterback with the twinkle in his eye lost his first start in such an entertaining style that the coach was moved to murmur later, as he had never



Perfect harmony; Shula and the 27th pick

muttered after a victory. "The thrill is back." Three and three then, the Dolphins finished the regular season 12 and 4 before losing a playoff to Seattle, and Marino was the first rookie quarterback ever anointed to open the Pro Bowl. He began this second year with five touchdown passes against the Redskins, and after ten successes in ten games, the rest of the season may amount to Marino against the league. In a 31-17 victory over the New York Jets this week, he appeared fallible and yet passed for 422 yds. Such is the extent of expectations now. His 3,094 yds. passing have already outdone Griese's best year, while 29 touchdown passes imperil the 21-year-old N.F.L. record of Y.A. Tittle and the 23-year-old A.F.L. mark of Blanda, 36 apiece.

Marino is also 23; if he seems older in the games, the impression off the field is emphatically of youth. His Corvettes change colors with the leaves, a gold one first, a blue one later, a white one now, and his nighttime running mates include Burt Reynolds. At Pitt, Marino was as cocky as Namath (and "better looking," as he said himself). But after he was so badly wounded there, his smile and the look in his eyes are nearly all that remain of arrogance. "Playing in the N.F.L., just competing against the best in the world, gets me excited," he says respectfully, but not breathlessly. "You know it in your mind—they're the best. But then you feel inside yourself. 'I'm good enough.' You can learn certain things from people" (the generosity of veteran Reliever Don Strock has touched him especially) "but in general you have to do it your own way. I never looked at anyone and said, 'Hey, I'm going to throw the football like this.' I throw it my own way." As for perspective, the usual casualty of celebrity, he reasons, "All you have to do is try not to change. But I wouldn't know how not to be myself."

Somehow Miami has avoided an identity as death's favorite team. For the third year in four, there is a different black-numbered square decorating the back of the Dolphins' helmets, this time No. 20 for Running Back David Overstreet, killed in an automobile accident last June. "This team doesn't dwell on being 10-0 or look back much at all," says Shula, who isn't certain of the reason. For himself, he says, "I think I've learned a lot from my early years, when I was so quick tempered and did things at home and work that I wasn't very proud of." At 54, his game is in pretty good shape. One of Shula's co-workers is Carl Taseff, his old friend, and another is David Shula, 25, who caught a few Colt passes of his own and, by sharing the delight of youth with his father, kept him open to young delight, and maybe just kept him young. Anyway, Shula has an unbeaten streak of ten, for the sixth time now, four more times than anyone else. —By Tom Callahan



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Video

Small World

ELLIS ISLAND. CBS, Nov. 11, 8 p.m.
E.S.T.; Nov. 13 and 14, 9 p.m. E.S.T.

George O'Donnell, a pretty Irish lass who has immigrated to America and promptly gone blind, hears a familiar voice one day on the streets of turn-of-the-century New York City. Could it be? Yes, it is! "Marco Santorelli," she cries. "We danced on the boat coming over!" Marco, an Italian immigrant who is working his way up in the trucking business, has just had a coincidental reunion of his own—with Maud Charteris (Faye Dunaway), a rich actress for whom he once worked as a gardener in Italy. And talk about a small world: Marco's friend Jake, a Russian Jew who came over on that same crowded boat, hears the tinkle of a ragtime piano while strolling through Harlem. Darned if it isn't Roscoe Haines (Ben Vereen), who helped Jake earn his passage to America back in Hamburg.

Ellis Island, the most ambitious network miniseries of the season thus far, starts out with a reasonable plan: to pluck four individuals from the huddled masses who came to these shores and tell their stories. Unfortunately, the seven-hour drama (based on a novel by Fred Mustard Stewart, who also had a hand in the teleplay) seems less interested in chronicling the immigrant experience than in salvaging the wretched refuse of scores of bad Hollywood movies.

The story of Jake Rubin (played with starched-collar sobriety by Peter

Martyr, Riegert) is straight out of a grade-B musical bio. Jake goes to work as a waiter but is soon writing songs for a gruff but good-hearted music publisher (Stubby Kaye). Eventually he is the toast of Broadway, rubbing shoulders with Flo Ziegfeld and wooing a nightclub singer (Ann Jillian) whom he marries and makes a star. "When I first saw the Statue of Liberty," he tells her, "I thought it was the most beautiful sight I'd ever seen. But I hadn't seen you."

His friend Marco (Greg Martyn) embodies a more generic rags-to-riches cliché. A strapping Italian hunk, he becomes the rich actress's kept man, uses

her money to start himself in business, then (after eluding an attempt to deport him) vows to get an education and make lots of money. "I'm gonna have it all, Jake," he announces, celebrating what is surely that line's 100th anniversary in show business. The soap opera continues with Bridget and George O'Donnell (Alice Krige and Judi Bowker), a pair of sisters who flee Ireland when Bridget is implicated in a political kidnaping. She marries a doctor who works on Ellis Island, while her sightless sister forges a career, improbably, as a writer of silent-movie westerns.

Directed by Jerry London (*Shogun*).

Ellis Island moves along at a sprightly clip, and its incident-crammed plot may well draw a big audience. But this turn-of-the-century *Love Boat* would be more involving if the hardships faced by its posterboard characters were not so contrived and transitory. Like many TV sagas, *Ellis Island* subscribes to the Evil Man theory of history. Never mind poverty, prejudice, overcrowded conditions: the only thing standing in the way of these immigrants is a nasty villain or two. One is the O'Donnell "sisters' uncle (Milo O'Shea), who tries to get Marco deported, another is an Irish rebel on the lam, who arrives in America and tries to blackmail Bridget. Once these bad eggs are removed from the scene, America is a land of unremitting sunshine and success. The streets really are paved with gold.

Ellis Island does make one unintended historical contribution: the final screen appearance of the late Richard Burton. As an aristocratic U.S. Senator, Burton is wily dignified in a sketchily written supporting role. He seems content to cede the spotlight to Dunaway, who flaunts her arched eyebrows and chiseled cheekbones with campy abandon; she appears to be one step away from a guest shot on *Dynasty*. More engaging is Burton's real-life daughter Kate, who plays the Senator's rebellious daughter. Her character is beset by a panoply of misfortunes rivaling the ten plagues of Egypt (artistic rejection, frigidity, alcoholism, a lesbian love affair), but Burton goes at it with a pouty earnestness that is rather touching. Her father would have been proud.

—By Richard Zoglin



Burton with Daughter Kate



Martyr, Riegert: rags to riches

Long Voyage

FATAL VISION
NBC, Nov. 18 and 19, 9 p.m. E.S.T.

The case of Captain Jeffrey MacDonald, the Green Beret doctor whose wife and two daughters were brutally murdered in their home at Fort Bragg, N.C. in 1970, has led a succession of investigators on a shocking voyage of discovery. MacDonald claimed (and still does) that a band of drug-crazed hippies committed the carnage. But Army investigators found holes in his story and soon began to suspect MacDonald. When charges against MacDonald were dropped because of insufficient evidence, his father-in-law led a crusade to find the murderers. After examining the evidence, he, too, became convinced that his son-in-law had committed the crime. Years later, when MacDonald was finally brought to trial, Author Joe McGinniss began chronicling the story, and also concluded that MacDonald was guilty, in his 1983 bestseller *Fatal Vision*.

Now a two-part NBC movie is about to take viewers through the fascinating mystery. With meticulous direction by David Greene (*Friendly Fire*) and a well-chosen cast headed by Gary Cole as MacDonald and Karl Malden as his avenging in-law, the four-hour drama is absorbing from beginning to end. But this time around, the long voyage of discovery has acquired some dubious shortcuts.

MacDonald was a charming, Princeton-educated, all-American boy, whose friends insisted that he was incapable of such a brutal crime. TV's MacDonald, however, is far more transparent. His account of the crime to Army interrogators is halting and unconvincing. On TV talk shows (where he delights in lambasting the Army's botched investigation) he seems oily and mean spirited. Even the flashback scenes of MacDonald's purportedly happy marriage are sprinkled with signs of trouble. (When MacDonald invites some friends for Christmas drinks at the last minute, he blithely ignores his wife's understandable dismay.)

MacDonald's lawyers, who are preparing another appeal of his 1979 conviction, tried unsuccessfully to halt the telecast of *Fatal Vision*, claiming it would prejudice a prospective jury. Viewers may have a more legitimate beef. *Fatal Vision* is a dandy detective story, but it slyly skirts the real mystery: How could a man of such impeccable credentials, one so outwardly normal, be capable of these dark deeds? A tougher question for a tougher-minded TV movie.

—R.Z.



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**"Come to think of it,
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Law

The Perilous Game of Trying Spies

Balancing the claims of justice and secrecy

The decision seemed obvious. FBI agents said they had evidence that their Los Angeles colleague Richard Miller had turned over a bureau intelligence handbook to the Soviets. So Miller should be prosecuted, right? Well, in the world of espionage it is never that simple. For as long as there have been secret agents, officials have had to weigh two conflicting considerations: the importance of trying accused spies and the risk such trials pose to national security. In the view of intelligence agencies, courtroom disclosures can sometimes be as damaging as the original espionage. Says Joel Levine, a former federal prosecutor with spy-trial experience: "There's always a push-pull relationship between Government agencies, one desirous of prosecuting, one desirous of preserving intelligence."

The trial, scheduled for next month, of Richard Miller and his two Soviet contacts (all have pleaded not guilty) is another sign that prosecutors lately are winning the battle with intelligence officials. Currently there are twelve active U.S. spy prosecutions, the highest total in recent history. One of the most sensitive involves former Army Counterintelligence Officer Richard Craig Smith, who is accused of betraying six U.S. double agents to the Soviet Union. A prolonged debate was waged between the Justice Department and CIA and Pentagon intelligence experts over whether to bring Smith to trial. "Certain strong objections were registered," admits a Justice lawyer dryly. "Charging someone with espionage tells the world that the Soviet intelligence service has successfully penetrated."

Such concerns were once dominant. From 1966 to 1975 there were no successful spy prosecutions in the U.S. The Rockefeller Commission, impaneled to investigate intelligence abuses, discovered one of the reasons in 1975 when it unearthed a 21-year-old secret agreement under which the Justice Department gave the CIA discretion to conceal crimes by its own agents. President Gerald Ford abrogated that agreement in 1976. When the Carter Administration took over, Attorney General Griffin Bell also took a tough stance: "Neither the CIA nor the public at large is well served by hiding cases of successful spying," he later explained.

Since 1975, there have been 19 straight successful spy prosecutions. The new aggressiveness got its first hard test in 1977



Accused Agent Miller

after Christopher Boyce and Andrew Daulton Lee were arrested for giving U.S. satellite secrets to the Soviets. During the Boyce trial the CIA was so stingy with top-secret information that even the prosecution had trouble getting access to some of it. At one point, Assistant U.S. Attorney Levine had to fly from California to CIA headquarters in Langley, Va., to plead in person for a piece of evidence that the Company balked at divulging. The personal diplomacy worked. But, says Levine, "we had to walk gingerly to make sure we were not getting involved in information we didn't want compromised."

The CIA's worries were rekindled when Boyce threatened "graymail": the introduction of sensitive information in his testimony. That turned out to be an empty threat. The judge in the case convened private hearings to review secret documents the defense wanted to use; he declared them irrelevant. Such closed-door judicial reviews were institutional-



Smith in custody last April
No espionage convictions for years.

ized in 1980 when Congress passed the Classified Information Procedures Act, better known as the graymail statute. The act not only permits private evidentiary hearings but also allows a judge to prevent full disclosure of relevant classified documents at the trial by, for example, having them summarized—restrictions that some lawyers consider constitutionally suspect.

The intelligence community remains exceedingly uncomfortable about public trials in sensitive cases. In at least one instance, a CIA official secretly tried to talk a witness out of testifying. The CIA cooperated only reluctantly in the 1980 prosecution of David Barnett, once one of its own covert agents, charged with selling the U.S.S.R. secrets about U.S. intelligence operations in Indonesia. The agency unsuccessfully tried to bury the case by urging a sketchy indictment and a quick plea bargain. Having failed to get that, the CIA placed extraordinary burdens on the defense. Attorney Dennis Kolenda was required to work out of an empty office in the Justice Department's internal security section in Washington. None of the classified documents or his notes concerning those documents could be taken out of the office. The secretary to the internal-security chief typed his briefs and answered his phone. Kolenda will have no access to his file in the case until the year 2021. In the end, Barnett, convinced that he could not win at trial, pleaded guilty; he was sentenced to 18 years in prison.

There are numerous other obstacles thrown in the path of defense lawyers. One of Smith's lawyers was denied access to classified documents for weeks while he waited for his security clearance to come through. Another Smith lawyer, William Cummings, notes that he may never learn the identities of double agents Smith is accused of compromising, though Cummings concedes, "There is a lot I don't need to defend this case." The impact of secrecy pressures can extend to the press. In the Boyce case, the trial judge forbade reporters from taking notes in open court.

Doubtless some spies are still not tried for fear that public proceedings would reveal national secrets. But Justice Department attorneys are determined to continue their policy of vigorous prosecution when possible. "We don't go ahead recklessly. There is a good deal of pain attached," acknowledges a high-ranking Justice lawyer with knowledge of such decisions. "But you can't allow these people to walk the streets free in a society they have tried to undermine." The policy ultimately works to the intelligence community's benefit, he contends, since spies are more willing to cooperate with prosecutors when they "realize that the Government isn't horsing around, that we're ready, willing and able to go to the mat." —By Michael S. Serrill. Reported by Anne Constable/Washington

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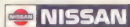


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Books

"Couriers of the Human Spirit"

Translators give new life to foreign literature

Few novels in recent years have intrigued Americans so thoroughly as Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose*. Yet readers of this mock medieval mystery tend to forget that the words are not the author's own; they are the creation of that most invisible, yet most indispensable, figure in world literature: the translator. The man who ingeniously rendered *The Name of the Rose* into English from the Italian is William Weaver, one of a number of outstanding translators currently enlarging the literary horizons of the English-speaking world.



Gregory Rabassa: courier from Latin America
Deciphering Hispanic writers' verbal play.

Some translations are works of literature in themselves. A case in point: Gregory Rabassa's luminous English rendering of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* by Nobel Laureate Gabriel Garcia Márquez. Following the translation's 1970 publication and its climb to the bestseller lists, Garcia Márquez announced that he preferred Rabassa's English version to the Spanish original. "That is probably less of a compliment to my translation than it is to the English language," says Rabassa with the self-effacement that has been the translator's destiny.

Indeed, until the 1950s translators' names were usually omitted from title pages. Even today they are rarely mentioned by reviewers, except for purposes

of disparagement—unless the translation is by a celebrity, like poet Robert Fitzgerald's version of the *Iliad*. Critics are fond of quoting Robert Frost's barb, "Poetry is what disappears in translation," or Vladimir Nabokov's disdainful verse, "What is translation? On a platter: A poet's pale and glaring head. A parrot's screech, a monkey's chatter. And profanation of the dead."

Literary translators must also endure something



Ralph Manheim: master of French and German
Translating the "natural into the natural."

worse than carping: low pay. Most earn a flat fee of about \$50 per thousand words, and no bonus, if the work sells well. During the past decade a few highly skilled specialists have negotiated a share of the royalties, ranging from 1% to 3%. But as News Directions Editor in Chief Peter Glassgold points out, advances on royalties for most translated books remain in the \$1,000-to-\$5,000 range. "That's not much to divvy up among the author, the original foreign publisher and the translator."

In some cases, of course, even those scraps may be overpayment. Among the translators of the 1,000 or so foreign literary works published in the U.S. each year,

there exists a sizable number of tin-eared amateurs. "Ninety percent of all translation is inadequate," critic George Steiner complains in his famous study of the subject, *After Babel*. Many practitioners know too little of foreign idioms and subtleties. Others write awkward English. A plague be upon them; they are the descendants of the people of Babel, condemned for their arrogance to a confusion of tongues.

Still, in every era a handful of great translators have persisted and prevailed. They have taken their vocation literally (in Latin *translatus*, a carrying across), transporting books over the abyss of different languages, cultures and epochs. Russia's greatest poet, Alexander Pushkin, put it best: They are the "couriers of the human spirit."



William Weaver: interpreter of Italian prose
Keeping abreast with murder mysteries.

► Foremost among the couriers from the Spanish and Portuguese is Rabassa, 62, who has spent the past two decades bringing Latin American literature north to the U.S. The authors he has translated constitute a pantheon of Hispanic letters: Garcia Márquez (Colombia), Julio Cortázar (Argentina), Miguel Angel Asturias (Guatemala), Mario Vargas Llosa (Peru), José Lezama Lima (Cuba), Luis Rafael Sánchez (Puerto Rico), Vinícius de Moraes (Brazil).

Despite Rabassa's attachment to Latin America, he prefers to live in an English-speaking environment. Born of a Cuban father and an American mother, he has spent most of his life in the Northeastern U.S. He did go to Brazil for 18

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## Books

months on a Fulbright-Hays fellowship in the mid-1960s, but that was long enough. "You could become so Brazilianized, you couldn't express yourself in English," he decided. Nowadays, Rabassa works on the sun porch or in the kitchen of his Long Island home, producing a first version "as fast as I can type." He then carefully revises his draft, penciling in queries for the author.

Most of his quandaries arise from Latin American writers' love of verbal play. In *A Manual for Manuel*, Cortázar characterizes different types of secret policemen in a string of richly suggestive alliterative words, *hornigón, hornigücho*, etc. In English, a literal translation (big ant, big clumsy ant) would have been ungainly. Rabassa's solution: domin-ant, sycophant, miscre-ant.

► Weaver, 61, the preeminent interpreter of Italian prose, is a Virginian who lives and works in the Italian hill country between Arezzo and Siena. To prevent his English from becoming too Italianized, he makes yearly trips to New York City, where he consults with his most "nurturing" publisher, Harcourt Brace Jovano-



Poet Richard Wilbur

vich's Helen Wolff. When Weaver is not translating such writers as Alberto Moravia, Elsa Morante and Italo Calvino, he reads vast quantities of American mysteries, which he reviews for the London *Financial Times*. "Crime books," he maintains, "are very good at keeping you abreast of what people are saying back home."

Unlike many of his colleagues, Weaver is reluctant to consult with authors about obscurities in their books, or even to show them his work in progress, unless they have perfect command of English. He has good reasons: Five years



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## Books

ago, one author complained that Weaver had used the word *cot* instead of *bed*. "Isn't that short for cottage?" the writer demanded. When Weaver began translating Morante's monumental novel *History*, she phoned him several times a day to ask how he had rendered certain words. When Weaver answered, he recalls, "she would say, 'Well, it doesn't mean exactly this, but it means this, plus a little bit of that, and a hint of another thing.' When I realized that *History* contained 200,000 words, I decided to quit." Before he could inform Morante of his intention, she phoned, saying she had decided she could be of no help and would stop pestering him. Thus are great translations born.

► The doyen of professional translators, Ralph Manheim, 77, has lived in Paris for 34 years, secure in his grip on the English language, working with equal fluency from the French and the German. In the tiny maid's room that serves as his office, near the Luxembourg Gardens, Manheim has produced inventive English versions of some of Europe's most difficult writers, including Louis-Ferdinand Céline and Günter Grass. Manheim's most recent endeavor, a canny rendering of *The Weight of the World*, an elliptical memoir by Austrian playwright Peter Handke.

Manheim's decades of devoted labor—translating more than 100 books for often minuscule fees—were recognized last year by the MacArthur Foundation, which rewards "exceptionally talented individuals." It singled him out for the top award: \$60,000 a year, tax free, for life. Says Manheim: "My main pride is that I know how to be simple. When inexperienced people run into an everyday expression in a foreign work that seems weird to them, they change it into something equally weird. But when you know a language well, you can translate the natural to the natural."

Still, sometimes the natural is not enough. To render the coinages, puns, obscure allusions and technical vocabulary that abound in Grass's novels, Manheim consulted a series of specialists. Dentists were interviewed for *Local Anesthetic*, stonecutters for *The Tin Drum* and conchologists for *From the Diary of a Snail*. On other esoteric points, Manheim prefers to query Grass by letter, rather than participate in seminars that the author periodically conducts in Frankfurt for his translators.

Manheim is critical of much contemporary translation. Because he regards Goethe's *Faust* as untranslatable, he thinks English versions are "a waste of time," though he acknowledges that they "may be of help to students incapable of learning German or unwilling to take the



Marianne Moore

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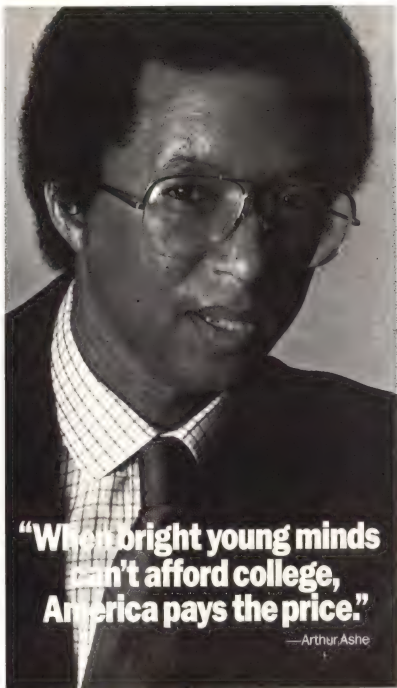
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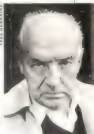
## Books

time to do it." He agrees completely with Edmund Wilson's celebrated verdict that Nabokov's translation of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* is unreadable. Lately, Manheim has been outraged by the praise lavished on the new English version of *Remembrance of Things Past*. Manheim, who has translated Proust's letters, says, "The first translator, C.K. Scott Moncrieff, was a little awkward and a little mistaken, but he did a marvelous job. Now Terence Kilmartin has altered Moncrieff, and not well." Manheim is most derisive about one Kilmartin method of correction: "The way he fixed up a passage was to leave it in French. Problem solved."

In addition to the professional translators like Manheim, writers and poets in every era have felt a duty to give foreign literature a new life in another tongue. Goethe, who called this work "one of the most important and valuable concerns in the whole of world affairs," found time to translate literature from ten different languages into German. André Gide argued that every writer "has an obligation to render at least one foreign work of art into his own language." He chose Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, then went on to *Hamlet*. In America most major modern poets have obeyed Gide's injunction. The result is a vigorous body of English verse that encompasses such varied sources as Icelandic epics (W.H. Auden), La Fontaine's fables (Marianne Moore), Brazilian poetry (Elizabeth Bishop), Russian lyrics (Stanley Kunitz) and contemporary Hungarian poetry (William Jay Smith).

Perhaps the most successful translations by a major American poet are Richard Wilbur's renditions of Molière. The Pulitzer-prizewinning author of seven volumes of poetry has translated *The Misanthrope*, *Tartuffe*, *School for Wives* and *The Learned Ladies*. His versions have been produced more than 140 times in British, Canadian and U.S. theaters. Wilbur's fluency in replicating 17th century rhymed couplets suggests he was born to the task. In fact, he had only high school French when he landed in southern France in 1944 with the U.S. 36th Division. Most of the soldiers in his unit were country boys from Texas, and Wilbur was enlisted as the company interpreter. Mostly, he recalls, he talked to the French about "what we might want to requisition, like a wheel of cheese."

Later, at Harvard graduate school, French friends introduced Wilbur to a wider menu, including such nonclassical literature as the word games of the modernist writer Raymond Roussel and the visionary prose poems of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Molière entered Wilbur's life in 1948 when, on a visit to Paris, he saw a



V.V. Nabokov



production of *The Misanthrope*. Lately, the voice of the French dramatist has begun to resonate through some of the American poet's own writing in a transcendent collaboration. "The experience of impersonating Molière has enlarged the voice of my own poems," says Wilbur. "Sometimes I have the illusion that I speak for him."

Other writers have been tempted to speak for Molière, often with lamentable results. In the 1950s, Poet Morris Bishop translated eight Molière plays into verse that fell as flat as his unrhymed pentameter. The latest effort is a musical-comedy version of *The Miser* in jive talk.

Of course, no translator of the classics has a guarantee of exclusivity: in the 20 years since Walter Arndt won the prestigious Bollingen Prize for his masterly version of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*, three publishers have brought out new translations of the same poem. Rabassa, who expects that his version of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* will ultimately be supplanted, believes the development is inevitable: "If you read Cervantes in Spanish today, he sounds relatively modern, but the translations of *Don Quixote* made by Cervantes' contemporaries seem terribly archaic." This variety of renditions has some advantages; each new translation influences readers in a fresh way. Rabassa views the process philosophically: "The Greeks have only one Homer. We have many."

The classics are not the only works subject to constant reinterpretation. Some modern books have gone through several translations. Alexander Solzhenitsyn, dissatisfied with some of the first English versions of his works, insisted upon new ones as soon as he emigrated to the U.S. Other demanding authors, who possess a

greater command of foreign tongues, have decided that self-translation is best. Nabokov, whose early work was written in Russian, rendered *Invitation to a Beheading* in the Dark into English. He also turned *Invitation to a Beheading*, which was written in English, into Russian. Samuel Beckett, an Irishman who writes mostly in French, has translated his plays, *Waiting for Godot*, *Endgame* and others, into

his native English.

Isaac Bashevis Singer, 80, used to change translators with the seasons, arguing over every article and preposition as his stories went from Yiddish to English. But recently the novelist has professed "great compassion" for the workers he once abused. "Since every language contains its own unique truths," he now believes, "translation is the very spirit of civilization." Then he adds, "In my younger days I used to dream about a harem full of women; lately I'm dreaming of a harem full of translators."  
—By Patricia Blake



LB. Singer



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# Music

## Honeymoon in Cleveland

*Dohnányi makes a strong entrance leading a proud orchestra*

When the Cleveland Orchestra announced that Christoph von Dohnányi would become its new music director beginning this season, he seemed an unlikely choice. Christoph von *who?* The German-born conductor, 55, grandson of Hungarian Composer Ernst von Dohnányi, had made his career in Germany not principally as an orchestral maestro but as an opera conductor and administrator, most recently at the Hamburg State Opera. He had a reputation as a 20th century music specialist, a distinction that has little appeal at the American box office. By contrast, the Cleveland Orchestra is one of the proudest in the land. George Szell, who led

four last month, he offered a ravishing performance of Arnold Schoenberg's unfinished atonal oratorio, *Die Jakobsteiler* (Jacob's Ladder), and an impassioned reading of Alban Berg's twelve-tone *Violin Concerto*, with Soloist Itzhak Perlman. The most recent Severance Hall program featured the late-Romantic composer Hans Pfitzner's *Violin Concerto*, a work rarely heard outside Germany. Yet Dohnányi is also strong in more traditional fare, which he leads with crisp economic gestures. A propulsive but disciplined reading of Schumann's underrated *Symphony No. 2* was one of the highlights of the orchestra's tour, and Dohnányi's authoritative interpreta-

ty. "To have difficulties is just part of the job," he says. "Fifty percent of the people will always be against you."

A passionate commitment to personal belief runs in the family. Both Dohnányi's father Hans and his uncle, the eminent Protestant theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer, were executed for anti-Nazi activities during World War II. For a time after the war, young Christoph gave up music in favor of politics and the law. "In times that are very difficult," he says, "an artist has to sacrifice his talent." He soon discovered, though, that "I could not answer the central question of my existence without making music." Dohnányi worked his way up through the German provincial opera-house circuit in classic *Kapellmeister* fashion: Lübeck, Kassel, Frankfurt, Hamburg, where his brother Klaus is now mayor.

Dohnányi has already endeared him-



The conductor on the podium: "When someone asks me who is No. 1, I say that we are certainly not No. 2"

it from 1946 until his death in 1970, made it into a rich, breathtakingly precise ensemble. His standards were upheld in the '70s by Lorin Maazel, who resigned to become director, briefly, of the Vienna State Opera. Would Dohnányi be right for the job?

To judge by the evidence so far, the answer is yes. After an inevitable letdown during the two-year hiatus between Maazel and Dohnányi, when various guest conductors took over, the future looks bright. The new partnership is currently basking in acclaim, inspiring hopes of a return to the glory days of Szell. Ticket sales are up. Severance Hall, the orchestra's home, is 95% subscribed. The orchestra, possessing the richest, most European sound of any U.S. ensemble, is playing at the top of its formidable form again. No one is happier than Dohnányi. Says he: "Being the chief of an orchestra like this is an honor."

Dohnányi's strength lies in warm but unsentimentalized interpretations of an essentially Central European repertoire. His love of contemporary music is already clear in his Cleveland programming, on a U.S.

tour of Strauss's tone poem *Also sprach Zarathustra* restored all the familiar work's thrilling majesty.

Although the Clevelanders played well under the rather remote Maazel, neither they nor the city renewed the intense personal commitment they had to Szell and may have with Dohnányi. "We're still on our honeymoon," cautions Kenneth Haas, the orchestra's general manager. "But there is no way you can escape the electricity among the musicians."

In Hamburg, on the other hand, Dohnányi's departure provoked mixed feelings. Some detractors, punning on the pronunciation of his name and objecting to his guest-conducting elsewhere, called him *Herr Doch Nie Du* (Mr. Never There). Others found him a martinet, stinting on praise: "I've never experienced such a poisonous atmosphere," mutters one former colleague. "He criticized the smallest mistake." Dohnányi's defenders applauded his imaginative programming and retorted that he made enemies trying to raise performance standards. Dohnányi shrugs off the controver-

self to his new community by buying a house in Shaker Heights, where he lives with his wife, Soprano Anja Silja, and their three children. "People tend to feel he's a part of the musical family," says Alfred Rankin, chairman of the orchestra's board of trustees. "After a concert, he doesn't go back to New York. Clevelanders like that." For Dohnányi the appointment is a chance to prove that he belongs in the big leagues of orchestral directors. He plans to spend about half the year in Cleveland; in Europe he will guest-conduct without any formal affiliations. Says he: "You cannot be a major conductor without a major orchestra."

In the Cleveland Orchestra, Dohnányi has just that; the rest is up to him. He seems ready to challenge the Chicago Symphony for the title of the nation's finest. "When someone asks me who is No. 1, I say that we are certainly not No. 2," he notes. "I think it was Szell who said, 'With this orchestra, you start where others finish.'"

—By Michael Walsh.

Reported by Barbara B. Dolan/Cleveland and Lizzie Lloyd/Hamburg





*Hambletonian, Rubbing Down, 1800: the cult of the horse as a ritual focus of many skills and several mutually dependent social classes*

## Art

### A Vision of Four-Legged Order

*In London, the unsurpassed animal paintings of George Stubbs*

**T**hroughout his long life, and for 150 years after his death, George Stubbs (1724-1806) was known as a horse painter. Never mind the Parthenon frieze, the Marcus Aurelius, the equestrian portraits of Verrocchio or Donatello, or any of the rest of the vast repertory of equine imagery in Western art: horse painting, like "sporting" art generally, tends to be seen as a minor style of aesthetic tailoring, shaped to reflect the blunt amusements of a class not much liked by connoisseurs. Painters like Sir Alfred Munnings, who filled canvas after canvas with accurate replications of poised fetlocks and lobb boots, are despised by art critics; and even in the 18th century, the age of the horse par excellence, Stubbs' attainments were looked down on by his fellow painters.

Today one sees him differently, not just as an *animalier* but as an artist of the whole rural scene, including its people. Stubbs had a haunted, driven side, and its combination with his visions of social tranquility was like nothing else in 18th century art. His anatomical studies of the horse, dense with thought and laden with death, rivaled Leonardo's anatomies and, like them, came from grueling

years of dissection and observation. His variations on a favorite subject, the white horse neighing in anguish as it is mauled by a lion in the wilderness, are among the archetypes of romantic imagination, comparable in intensity to Goya or Gericault. Finally, he was a minute and sympathetic watcher at the human theater of the English class system.

In sum, Stubbs was not just an interesting minor artist but a thoroughly absorbing one who often rose to greatness—as well as the best horse painter who ever lived. And since the exhibition of his work

*Lion Attacking a Horse, 1769, has the intensity of Goya*



that opened Oct. 17 at London's Tate Gallery—102 paintings along with 77 drawings and prints—will go, with some substitutions and deletions, to the Yale Center for British Art in February. American museumgoers will be able to test for themselves the feeling, now spreading in England, that Stubbs is to be ranked with Turner and Constable in English painting. Whether one feels this or not, the show, curated by Art Historian Judy Egerton, is a revelation.

Stubbs lived at a time of intense curiosity about the animal world. Strange creatures and people from the corners of a growing empire drew crowds when they were put on show in rented London rooms; photography had not made all things familiar. The wonders of Africa, America and the Pacific glared peevishly back at the Georgian dilettanti from their wooden dens and dirty straw. "Just arrived from Botany-Bay," ran a newspaper advertisement in 1789, "three new live animals for the amusement of the public, with that singular animal the African Savage, a noble Lion and Lioness, a pair of beautiful Leopards, a Lynx, a Sangwin, the Arabian night-walker . . . the Spotted Negro attends from eleven to seven in the evening."

Stubbs painted quite a few such marvels (though not, alas, the Arabian night-walker or the Spotted Negro). He portrayed lemurs, monkeys, a rhinoceros and several leopards.

and foreign animals gave him the pretext for two of his greatest images. One of these was a painting of a cheetah that had been sent to London as a gift to George III from a former governor-general of Madras. It is a marvel of detached observation. In straightforwardness and dignity, unblemished by caricature, the heads of the animal's two Indian handlers rank with Rubens' famous studies of an African black. The evocation of substance, from the hair of the cheetah—done in a rippling amber pelt of short directional strokes interspersed with broader whiskery featherings—to the play of light on the white turbans and dhotis, is breathtaking.

The second exotic subject is more mysterious, almost surreal. It is a zebra mare, which had been brought from the Cape of Good Hope and given to Queen Charlotte in 1762. This "painted African ass," the first seen in England, was installed in the royal menagerie at Buckingham Gate. When he came to paint it, Stubbs set it in an English wood, its black-and-white hide in almost shocking contrast to the green tunnels of foliage and filtered shade that stretch behind it. It is as though one had taken a wrong turn in the Forest of Arden and encountered a mildly grazing apparition from another world.

Like all great artists, Stubbs was quite

enthusiasm that transcended any hint of cuteness.

Of course, there is pathos in Stubbs' hunting scenes. His portrait of the Earl of Clarendon's gamekeeper about to cut a doe's throat in a darkening wood is a gravely haunting mixture of the archaic and the matter-of-fact. Venison, to be eaten, must be killed, but the thickening shadows seem to enfold a more sacrificial rite than the mere stocking of a larder. This, like all Stubbs' paintings, must also be seen as a manifesto of the supreme ideology of late 18th century England: the celebration and defense of property. If the wrong person killed that doe, he would be transported or hanged.

It was the now vanished tone of 18th century landed society—fenced about with deadly capital statutes, but also bound intimately together by chains of patronage running vertically through the classes—that enabled Stubbs to paint his admirably varied theater of land work, from haymakers to grooms, trainers and jockeys, without the least sign of overt condescension. Across the Channel, patrons liked pictures of drunken, vomiting

this scheme of things, they also made plausible heroes. The great example is Stubbs' prosaically titled *Hambletonian*,

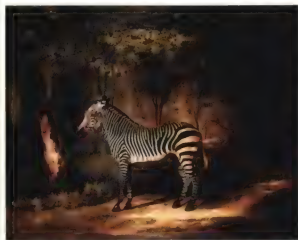
*Rubbing Down*, 1800. *Hambletonian*, winner of both the St. Leger and the Doncaster Gold Cup in 1796, belonged to a rich and deep-gambling young baronet named Sir Henry Vane-Tempest. In 1799 Vane-Tempest put him up against Diamond, another star horse. For a purse of 3,000 guineas. (At the time, a farmer's laborer might have made the equivalent of five guineas a year.) The match drew the biggest crowd and the heaviest side-betting ever seen at

Newmarket, and amid scenes of hysterical excitement *Hambletonian* won the four-mile race by half a neck. He finished "shockingly goaded," lathered in blood from whip and spur. To commemorate the victory, Vane-Tempest had the 75-year-old Stubbs paint him life size.

The result was not only the largest canvas of Stubbs' career but the grandest in structure and, to modern eyes, the most suggestive. That immense, glossy brown frame of the horse, floating across one's whole field of vision, has the compulsive



Self-Portrait, 1751



The mysterious, almost surreal apparition of Zebra, circa 1763



Fino and Tiny, circa 1791: an objectivity that transcends cuteness

unsentimental, and his work reminds us what a recent invention the idea that "animals are only human" really is. His animals are always presented in the full "otherness" of their animal nature. He kept to this even when painting that traditional focus of woody emotion, the dog. Stubbs rendered the lean ferocity of the staghound, or the compact, questing efficiency of the foxhound, with perfect respect for their actual being as creatures in their own world. Even when he did pets—as in *Fino and Tiny*, circa 1791, which is dominated by a superbly rhythmic profile of the Prince of Wales' black-and-white spitz Fino—he set down their complicated markings and baroque puffs of newly washed hair with a measured, objective

peasants in the Dutch manner: a class zoo. Not in England, where Stubbs painted the cult of the horse with rapt attention, as a ritual focus of many skills and several mutually dependent classes.

The horse was his chief image of social harmony; order on four legs. No wonder that, in such paintings as *Eclipse at Newmarket*, *With a Groom and a Jockey*, circa 1770, the plain rubbing-down houses on Newmarket Heath look like neo-Egyptian shrines, pyramids of the turf. They are, so to speak, the temples of Stubbs' Utopia, a place adjacent to Jonathan Swift's imaginary country of the Houyhnhnms, those sagacious and moralizing horses.

Horses not only had ideal attributes in

power of a dream image. In the interest of decorum, Stubbs left out the wounds and weals on *Hambletonian*'s flanks, but his sympathies remained with the animal-white slaver flecks his mouth, the ears lie back flat, and the pink tongue lolls in the aftermath of exhaustion. The creature is attended, none too reverently, by brown pragmatic dwarfs. One cannot imagine that a more rhetorical horse—one of Rubens' baroque equine wardrobes, say, all flourishing hoofs and cascading mane—could possess the same intensity. *Hambletonian* may have been sired by a classical frieze, but his only foal would be the horse in *Guernica*, thrusting its outraged neck toward the indifferent sky of the 20th century.

—By Robert Hughes

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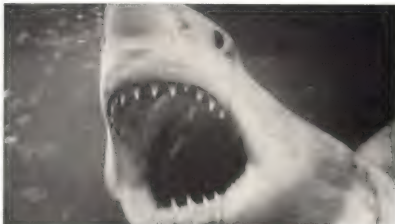
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## Environment



Great White: with more marine mammals to eat, the predator's numbers may be booming

### Dangers of the Red Triangle

*Shark attacks off the Pacific coast show a disturbing rise*

**B**efore they plunged into the calm waters of Pigeon Point, just north of Santa Cruz, Calif., Chris Rehm, 33, and Omar Conger, 28, joked about sharks. The two men were experienced divers, and they had swum in that part of the Pacific before. Paddling out about 150 yds. they began diving for abalone, which they gathered in large bobbing buckets.

Suddenly, Rehm saw that Conger, only 20 ft. away, was in trouble. Something was shaking him violently. A moment later, Conger disappeared beneath the surface, then re-emerged in the gaping mouth of a 12-ft. shark. Says Rehm: "I don't know whether I saw the blood first or the shark." The monstrous fish swam toward Rehm, spat out Conger and then vanished. Recalls Rehm: "Omar said, 'Help me.' It was too late: by the time Rehm had floated him to shore on a raft, Conger was dead.

The tragedy was the worst of a rash of shark attacks along the upper west coast of the U.S. since Labor Day. Paul Parsons, 33, another abalone diver, suffered puncture wounds and lost much of his left buttock when a shark mauled him in the waters north of San Francisco. Surfer Bob Rice, 25, watched in horror as a 12-ft. carnivore clamped down on the front of his surfboard before swimming away in the waves off Cape Kiwanda, Ore. Says he: "It missed my hips by about four inches."

According to records of the California department of fish and game, over the past 30-odd years there have never been so many shark assaults off the U.S. in such quick succession. Between 1950 and 1955, sharks attacked a total of three people in the U.S. Pacific; in the past four years that number has quadrupled. The center of the danger area runs from Monterey Bay to Point Reyes, Calif. This 90-

mile stretch of coastline together with the Farallon Islands to the west forms a perilous wedge now called the Red Triangle. John McCosker, director of the Steinhart Aquarium in San Francisco, says, "It may be the shark-attack capital of the world."

The assailants in all cases are Great Whites, which can grow to more than 20 ft. long and weigh up to 3½ tons. Many biologists trace the sharks' increasing aggression to recent rulings like the U.S. Marine Mammals Protection Act of 1972. That law makes it illegal to hunt pinnipeds like sea lions, elephant seals and sea otters, all staples of an adult shark's diet. Fifteen elephant seals lived in the Red Triangle area in 1961; by 1984 there were 5,000. The sea lion population has been increasing by 5% a year. As a result, Great Whites seem to be responding to boom times in their food supply by producing larger litters more rapidly. And though Great Whites normally avoid the risk of attacking humans, some scientists suspect that the fish may mistake humans in wet suits for seals. Says McCosker: "Sharks are dumber than goldfish."

Some shark authorities downplay the dangers of Great Whites, which they consider magnificent scavengers that have successfully lived through 30 million years of evolution virtually unchanged. Sharks, they declare, play a necessary role as the garbage collectors of the sea, indiscriminately devouring flotsam ranging from fish carcasses to old tin cans. Most important, say shark admirers, the number of people killed by Great Whites over the centuries is small, far less than those who die from lightning strikes or snake bites. But in the Red Triangle, at least, it is still not safe to go back in the water. —By Natalie Angier.

Reported by Jeff Gottlieb/Los Angeles

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An all-Aalto room setting at the Museum of Modern Art



The bareboned but voluptuous Paimio Loungechair

## Design

### Still Fresh after 50 Years

*In New York City, the winning virtues of Finland's Alvar Aalto*

**T**he architect Alvar Aalto, bless him, was always slightly out of it. He never lingered at the hothouse of Germany's Bauhaus; instead he spent the '20s in provincial Finland, designing for towns. His buildings are modern all right, sleek and sensible and just a bit Martian, but Aalto never took the final vows of modernism. Strict symmetry and monoliths left him cold. Rather, an Aalto building is apt to swell or zigzag confoundingly, to have lines and textures that seem more botanical and geological than geometrical. Ahead of his time, he declined to enforce the brittlest dogmas of the new. Thirty years before the phrase was coined, Aalto was a postmodernist, the first.

He died in 1976 just as the tides started running his way. Unlike today's cutting-edge architects, however, who tend to turn wildly glib and goofy when they design furniture, Aalto took his chairs and stools seriously. An exhibition at New York City's Museum of Modern Art, "Alvar Aalto: Furniture and Glass," shows his winning virtues as a designer writ small. The best pieces are bareboned but sensuous, simultaneously playful and serene. Aalto designed objects that were likable. The furniture at MOMA is so quiet and good-natured, in fact, that the show has an almost bashful air.

Aalto was crazy about wood. His enthusiasm grew out of a national aesthetic. Finns take an intense, quasi-mystical pleasure in their forested countryside, and timber is the country's economic mainstay. The hard, featureless blond birch that Aalto favored had been standard material for Finnish domestic objects. But in the polemical years around 1930, his abandonment of modern, mass-produced

tubular steel) was a retrograde act. Marcel Breuer, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier had based their famous chairs and couches on state-of-the-art tubing. Aalto became convinced that tubular steel was "not satisfactory from the human point of view." Indeed, an extreme, sometimes quixotic regard for the human factor was what separated Aalto from his more renowned contemporaries.

Most of his furniture, designed during the Depression, was intended for particular buildings. A chair made for the Finnish civil guard headquarters is blunt and homely, but utility was the point: half a dozen or more could be stacked up for storage. A stacking armchair designed in 1929, its rear legs, back rail and arms a single piece of bent wood, is swanker, a kind of streamlined Thonet. Yet despite the curvature, it is still a plain old chair, a clunky seat stuck onto four legs—a goat just beginning, it appears, to turn into a gazelle.

Aalto's first great work of architecture, a tuberculosis hospital built near Paimio, Finland, during the late '20s and early '30s, accounted for his most original and visually powerful piece of furniture. The main wing of the sanatorium resembles an airy ocean liner, and the Paimio Loungechair

could pass for a rarefied deck chair.

Each arm and leg is a continuous piece of birch, slender treads bent into a pair of supple, bulging rectangles—no angular severity for Aalto. The continuous seat and back, like a toboggan doing gymnastics, is a sheet of birch plywood bent 110° in the middle and rolled at each end. It is a perfect conceit of a chair, at once lean and voluptuous. It is also reasonably accommodating to human beings: the scrolls are functional flourishes, each a great wooden spring. In this, more than in any other piece, Aalto's devotion to wood is its saving grace, for even lacquered red, the birch makes the chair seem domestic and familiar. A Paimio Loungechair executed in metal would have been gorgeous but mean, dangerous looking.

Aalto's furniture was never again so dashing and hard-edged. He spent the '30s making cantilevered chairs, each a reworking of an idea that the Bauhaus stars Breuer and Mart Stam had established using tubular steel in the '20s. The cantilever is springy, like an athlete's crouch. Indeed, Aalto's cantilevered chairs have a cheerfully anthropomorphic profile. His most splendid variations on the theme also seem the most characteristically Scandinavian: after he had tried seats and backs of plain plywood and boxy upholstery, Aalto designed birch frames crisscrossed with black linen webbing. The effect is at once urbane and counterfitted, not unlike the designer himself.

Technique intrigued him deeply. To many, ply-



Savoy vase, above; L-leg stools



## A Prima Donna of Passion

A LOVE IN GERMANY Directed by Andrzej Wajda

Screenplay by Boleslaw Michalek, Agnieszka Holland and Andrzej Wajda

wood seems a contemptible crossbreed, neither natural nor synthetic, but to Aalto it was a perfect hybrid of ancient material and industrial technology. Breuer eventually returned to plywood, after the war. Charles Eames pressed it into subtle topographies that had been beyond Aalto's means. But no one ever paid the material more respect than Aalto. He built up plywood layers one by one, twisted and glued them meticulously, experimented. He coaxed plywood first into a simple L-leg (1932) to make his wonderful three-legged stacking stool, then split the L into a right-angled Y for table legs (1946), then sliced and bundled his Ys together into fan legs (1954) that look fluid, practically erotic.

The MOMA show includes some of the glassware designed by Aalto and his first wife Aino. The most typical piece, the austere "Flower of Riihimäki," is the most beautiful. More often when working in glass, Aalto let his fondness for nature run riot. Vases were a specialty. The free-form circumferences, blobby and bulbous like doodles by Arp or Miró, suggest lakes or amoebas or arboreal cross sections.

Even the casting process was ripped from nature. On display at the MOMA show is a wooden mold used to make Aalto's 1936 Savoy vase: the length of dug-out tree trunk is equipment that a Hobbit industrialist would use. But Aalto was no wistful nostalgic. His 1947 snack tray, molded of thick white plastic with troughs for food, is sci-fi urban, and surely the most formal TV-dinner platter ever made.

This winter the exhibit starts museum hopping—to Evanston, Ill., Akron, Montreal, Cambridge, Mass., and Norfolk, Va. A further stop in Tokyo, tentatively planned for the fall of 1986, would be particularly suggestive. Much of Aalto's work has the grace and deferential austerity of Japanese interiors. His sliding doors are essentially shoji screens. The Finnish principle of harmony or balance, *sointu*, seems very like the notion of *shibusu* that infuses Japanese design.

Aalto's influence on European and American designers is considerable. Scandinavians, of course, have been Aalto cultists all along. In the '70s some Italian high design began to have Aalto echoes: The biggest pop stars in furniture, however, are off in a different direction entirely. In one of his rare flats, Aalto declared a kind of neo-Shaker approach, in favor of "simple, good, undecorated things... that are in harmony with the human being" as opposed to "unsuitable status furniture, factory baroque." If today's postmodernists, eager for inspiration, are picking over his work, they might do well to heed that wholesome doctrine. Between Bauhaus solemnity and fey joke furniture, Aalto showed that there is a practical middle path.

—By Kurt Anderson



Aalto

Stani and Paulina are crazy for each other. He (Piotr Lysak) is a young Polish prisoner of war, and she (Hanna Schygulla) is a middle-aged German housewife running her husband's grocery store while he goes off to fight for the Führer, but propriety be damned—they can't and don't keep their hands to themselves. They neck furiously as a young customer enters the store. Stani squats behind the counter and strokes Paulina's thigh while foraging for another customer's potatoes. Everybody in town knows about them: Paulina's neurotic bookkeeper (Elisabeth Trissenaar), the snoop-exhibitionist next door (Marie-Christine Barrault), even Paulina's seven-year-old son. He discovers them *flagrante delicto* in the store-room: Mama eyes him solemnly, closes the door and returns to her pleasure. "Me, beautiful?" Paulina remarks to Stani. "But I could be your mother." And Stani replies: "My mother is beautiful too." This is a suicidal passion that condemns the lovers with every caress, but they are oblivious to the consequences. Paulina visits Stani in the stable where he works, and their intensity literally frightens the horses.

The pot boils over nonstop in this superheated political romance; Andrzej Wajda sees to that. From his first features (the 1950s trilogy comprising *A Generation*, *Kanal* and *Ashes and Diamonds*) to the 1981 *Man of Iron*, an incendiary docudrama about the Solidarity movement, this Polish director has always made movies as if he believed that craft was an impediment to emotion and subtly the last refuge of an artistic quailing. His hurtling, bullying camera captures characters in heat or dancing on the barricades taunting their Soviet godfathers. But it takes a strong subject not to be overwhelmed by Wajda's scenery-chewing style. Rolf Hochhuth's novel *Eine Liebe in Deutschland* offered that subject: the purging delirium of love set against the corruptive madness of Nazism.

Nazism was political tragedy that moved at the tempo of provincial farce, and that is how Wajda plays Stani's interrogation by SS Lieut. Mayer (Armin Mueller-Stahl) and his adjutant Schulze (Ralf Wolter). These "good Germans" find it almost impossible to "follow orders." They debate Stani's skin color (pink or rose?) and attempt to match Stani's eyes to a set of 20 glass eyeballs thoughtfully provided by the Gestapo. Finally they declare him "in better than good health—You're an Aryan! You can become a German." When Stani declines the honor, they rule he must be hanged by a fellow Pole, who will receive three cigarettes as reward. Through all the mica-

lous absurdities of the Nazi bureaucracy, these Klutz-en-jammer kids tiptoe like hippos in a chorus line.

Schygulla, though, is a prima donna of passion. She learned her trade making 18 movies and TV films with the bold, relentless *Wunderkind* of German cinema. R.W. Fassbinder (*Effi Brist*, *The Marriage of*



Schygulla: ready to take Hollywood

*Maria Braun*), and in the past few years has worked with Jean-Luc Godard (*Passion*), Ettore Scola (*La Nuit de Varennes*) and Marco Ferreri (*The Story of Piera*). By now Schygulla has perfected the bold gesture deftly applied. The grocery-door shutters snap down, or a window shade snaps up, and a thrill sizzles through her like lightning. In the interrogation room she gets a look at her cuckolded husband and quickly puts her fingers to her eyes, gouging out his presence. Her mouth arcs, her tongue flicks, her eyes blaze, her face is illuminated by the reckless glow of a true believer in the imperatives of Eros.

This is a dramatic vocabulary rooted in the operatic purity of silent-film making: Schygulla uses it to create, with each film, a new chapter in the emotional biography of the modern European woman. *A Love in Germany* reveals Schygulla as a superb, fearless actress and an international star ready to take Hollywood. Wake the town, tell the people. Frighten the horses, even.

—By Richard Corliss

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# ing

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## Bothered and Bewildered

*First-time buyers face a tougher choice than ever*

Robert Rabkin, a surgeon from Sausalito, Calif., considered himself a pretty savvy consumer—until he decided to buy a personal computer. Nothing he had learned while buying cars or stereo rigs prepared him for the trauma of shopping for a microcomputer. Not only was the equipment expensive (\$2,500 and up for a complete system) and dauntingly complex, but the manufacturers seemed to be in a state of constant turmoil. "I didn't know what I was getting into," says Rabkin. "I was afraid anything I might buy would be obsolete within six months." For now, the doctor is just scanning computer ads and listening to friends talk about their machines.

Customers like Rabkin represent the personal computer industry's greatest challenge. The original buyers were often hobbyists or technically inclined businessmen, but today they are outnumbered by a new breed of consumer: the computer naive. These first-time customers are more cautious, less technically sophisticated and less convinced that computers will change their lives. By and large, they are right. "For the new consumer, the stuff's been oversold," says Esther Dyson, editor of *RELease 1.0*, an industry newsletter. "The technology is still too hard to use."

The most difficult task of all is deciding which computer to buy. Although Apple and IBM have emerged as the industry leaders, their success has not made the choice any easier. For example, in the market for business computers, where IBM is dominant, shelves are crammed with IBM look-alikes—machines that follow IBM's specifications down to the color of the keys, although they sometimes offer improvements in power or price. The market is now crowded with some two dozen of these IBM clones. Says Michael Shabazian, president of the ComputerLand chain of retail stores: "The differences between products are getting smaller and smaller."

As a result, buyers who do comparison shopping must select their computers on the basis of increasingly esoteric technical specifications. IBM alone sells seven basic variations on its bestselling model, ranging from the low-cost PCjr to the top-of-the-line IBM PC AT. To distinguish between these machines, consumers have to measure memory in kilobytes and disc storage in megabytes. To understand the pros and cons of IBM-compatible comput-

ers built by A T & T, Compaq or Hewlett-Packard, they must learn to identify silicon chips by name and measure their speeds in millions of cycles per second.

While most manufacturers have followed IBM's lead in the design of office computers, Apple has been pursuing its own ideas about what a personal computer should be. The Apple II series, which



dominates sales to schools and shares the lead in the home market with Commodore, is comparable to, though incompatible with, IBM's machines. But Apple's Lisa and Macintosh computers, while considered state-of-the-art, will not run any of the thousands of programs written for the Apple II or the IBM. Emphasizing ease of use and attractive screen displays, Apple has gambled that it can buck IBM's marketing muscle with technological prowess and clever advertising. So far the wager seems to have paid off. Future Computing, a Dallas research firm, estimates that in the Mac's first year on the market, sales will reach nearly 383,000,

making this the most successful personal computer launch to date. The company, however, has yet to ship large numbers of machines into the corporate market, where microcomputer fates are traditionally made or broken.

For the consumer, choosing between a Mac and an IBM PC means choosing between two fundamentally different philosophies of computing, a decision that many first-time buyers may feel ill-equipped to make. IBM's machines represent business-oriented computer technology—dependable but somewhat hard to use. The Mac, with its flashy graphics and hand-held "mouse" control system, is Apple's attempt to make a machine that even a computerphobe could learn to love.

Further complicating the picture is the likelihood that a new model or a sudden price cut will make this season's bargain look like last year's rip-off. Apple surprised the industry in October by bringing out, four months before it was expected, the so-called Fat Mac, a new version of the Macintosh with twice the memory capacity. At the same time, Apple dropped the price on the smaller Macintosh by \$300, to \$2,195. Reason: rumors about the introduction of a bigger machine were cutting into Macintosh sales. The company is now plagued by reports of yet another improved Macintosh that will have a hard-disc memory storage unit built in.

IBM has also had troubles with the rumor mills. The company was badly stung last year when its new PCjr could not live up to expectations. *Computer Retail News*, a trade tabloid, now reports that a new version of IBM's popular PC may be released within the next month or so.

Much is riding on what happens between now and Christmas, when the industry does 40% of its annual business. Companies had sluggish sales this summer, and several firms, including Gavilan and Franklin, went bankrupt during the slump. Retailers, especially, are counting on a robust holiday selling season. Says Dyson: "They're discounting like crazy just to stay alive." In San Francisco, the price of a Mac has dropped to \$1,695, and PCjr's are going for \$745, more than 40% off their original list price.

Luckily for the survivors, most analysts predict record Christmas sales, whipped up by promotion campaigns timed to coincide with the start of the buying blitz. Apple and IBM are expected to spend \$30 million each on advertising before Christmas. Says InfoCorp Analyst Howard Furrer: "December should just go off the page."

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt

Reported by Michael Moritz/San Francisco

## It's Pizza with Pizazz

In today's light, high-styled pies, less costs more

Among the plebian ethnic foods unlikely to make it into *haute cuisine*, pizza would seem to rank near the top. Yet in its latest form this ubiquitous Italian pie has distinctly taken on airs. Favored by the cognoscenti who frequent new-wave Italian cafés and posh *ristoranti*, chic pizza, like almost anything else high styled, appears thinner, trimmer and a lot more expensive than the hefty originals.

Credit for the turnaround goes to Alice Waters, 41, proprietor of Chez Panisse in Berkeley, Calif. A lover of Mediterranean foods, Waters experimented with a wood oven in her café. She scaled down the oversized American pizzas to resemble their 8-in. Italian counterparts and, four years ago, began serving them with such unconventional toppings as red and white peppers, fontina cheese and hot sausage, or the velvety Nice olive spread, *tapenade*, nestled in melting mozzarella. The idea was further developed by Wolfgang Puck, 35, the Los Angeles chef who opened Spago in 1982. He stretched the crust parchment thin and added home-made sausages of duck and lamb meat, goat cheese, leeks, coriander and wild mushrooms. Working its way East, chic pizza appeared earlier this year in the glittering Spiaggia in Chicago and at jammed and trendy outposts like Mezzaluna on Manhattan's Upper East Side, where a pizza with four cheeses and another flaked with grilled *radicchio* (wild chicory) are understandably favorites. At their best—at Chez Panisse, the Ivy in Los Angeles and Mezzaluna—these delicate pies are enticing and satisfying. They are not foolproof, however. Often their crusts are wafer thin and too insubstantial to serve as a base. Also, many toppings tend toward the pallid, as do some at Spiaggia and at Manhattan's sophisticated Century Café.

Some of these exotic creations are ethnic hybrids. To get an idea of the full range of possibilities, consider the promise on the dust jacket of *The Pizza Book*, by Evelyn Slomon (Times Books; \$14.95): Neapolitan, Sicilian, French, Chicago, New York, New England, California, Tex-Mex. thin, thick, flat, rolled, stuffed, filled and upside-down. Menu Consultant Barbara Kafka has concocted several whimsies for Pizzapizza, a bustling eatery in Greenwich Village, some of almost nauseating complexity. Among such aber-

rations are chicken mexicana (chicken, guacamole, taco chips and *salsa* amid melted cheese) and, along the same lines, shrimp creole, a mess that speaks for itself.

This is not the first time that pizza has been remodeled since it began as a flat, crusty slab of bread in Greco-Roman times, when it was used as a trencher or plate to hold other foods. From traditional Italian cooking come two distinct styles.



Chef Joseph Italiano with quizzas at Quiche & Tell

The new version: thinner, trimmer, but not foolproof.

The thick-crust Sicilian rendition is made from sheets of dough spread with tomato sauce and oregano and slid into stone ovens. The Neapolitan version, most commonly available in U.S. pizza parlors, is a large round, with a thin center crust that swells to a crackling, blistered rim, topped with mozzarella, tomato sauce and sometimes sausages, peppers or anchovies. Although pizza enjoyed a post-World War II boom in the U.S., a deep-dish variation was developed in 1941 by Ike Sewell and Ric Riccardo of Chicago's Pizzeria Uno. Basically a thick shell of bread dough lining a deep, round, black iron pan, this pizza holds a mellow layering of cheese and hefty toppings of traditional elements. Deep-dish pizza is now at its best in the tavern-like Gino's East in Chicago, and at its soggi-

Spiaggia's goat-cheese pie



est at Goldberg Pizzerias in Manhattan.

Pepe's in New Haven, Conn., is credited with the invention of the white pizza, a tomato-less paleface that is a cloying combination of garlicky white clam sauce oozing into melted mozzarella. Now white pizza means many things in many places, but, uniformly, the absence of tomato.

With its new image, pizza may become the quiche of the '80s, and its rise in popularity mirrors that of the now déclassé French custard tart. Both appeal to people who are beguiled by food that is in some way surrounded by crust: meat pies, turnovers and almost anything *en croûte*. By coincidence, such preparations are attractive to restaurant owners, who appreciate the low food cost in a dish that is, for the most part, made of dough. Like quiche, pizza offers a way to extend costly ingredients that impart a perception of fanciness. Just as the classic quiche Lorraine was upgraded with lobster, crabmeat, mushrooms and even truffles, today's pizzas wear trendy toppings. In fashionable settings, such small, trim pies are often offered as pre-appetizers (usually costing between \$6 and \$10) to be followed by conventional first and second courses, thereby increasing an owner's profits considerably.

With all these affinities, it was perhaps inevitable that pizza and quiche should merge. This union was accomplished at Quiche & Tell, a supplier to restaurants and food shops in the New York area. The result is the quizza (pronounced *keer-za*), a deep-dish-style shell of crust filled with an egg-and-cheese custard topped with such pizza garnishes as eggplant, sausages and peppers. The result is a pie so heavy it almost needs wheels to be moved.

Pizza's success may soon lead to a new glut. Already, highbrow variations are being touted as the profitable wave of the future for fast-food chains by industry pundits like Siobhan Mulroy, an economist with Business Trend Analysts, a research firm in Commack, N.Y. Predicting that the key word in food service for the '80s will be "upscale," Mulroy says, "Pizza has the ability to fill niches ranging from takeout family dining to more epicurean tastes." Translated into mass marketing and mass production, that probably means a new round of frozen, paper-like crusts, with hot dogs standing in for more exotic sausages and cheese analogues replacing authentic mozzarella.

How is the new pizza being received? At the Century Café a customer took a bite of the vegetable-flecked primavera and said, "It doesn't have much taste, but then it doesn't have many calories either. It's a fair trade-off." Observed her companion: "If you don't think of it as pizza, it's not bad."

—By Mimi Sheraton



Anwar Sadat



Golda Meir



Yitzhak Rabin



Jimmy Carter



Josip Broz Tito

## Living

### A Permanent Oval Office Occupant

*Presidents come and go, but the Swedish ivy stays*

Even at this time of year, Washington, D.C., is crawling with flowers and plants. Though the city is now consumed by manic post-election talk, the local flora manage to get an awful lot of attention. Civic boosters tend to be horticultural zealots as well. And they have a point: Washington is high spirited and blithe, by Washington's standards, when its greenswards are green and the vast federal flower patches are blooming. Just a few weeks ago in Rock Creek Park, for instance, the National Park Service had a Dixieland band and a bluegrass group come out and celebrate the fall foliage. The moment spring begins, you may be sure, Washingtonians will turn emphatic about the glorious forsythia, the jonquils and daffodils and, of course, all the perfect cherry blossoms. They go on and on about the dogwoods, the fields of hyacinths and azaleas, the quarter-million tulips planted near the Tidal Basin. Special pilgrimages are urged on visitors: not just the National Arboretum—precious camellias! amazing bonsai!—but the wonders of Dumbarton Oaks and the little garden at the foot of Capitol Hill. Washington, in sum, is very serious, even about its plants.

If there is a hierarchy among Washington's plants, those on the 19 acres around the White House, like osmanthus and purple winter creeper, must be the swells, the botanical elite of the city, maybe of the nation. And one plant is at the top of that heap. No other in history has been more

photographed, more glimpsed in person by the world's high and mighty, more privy (if a plant can be privy) to the portentous intimacies of world politics, than a certain Swedish ivy (*Plectranthus australis*) that dwells deep inside the Executive Mansion.



*Plectranthus australis*, smack at the center of modern history

The Oval Office may be the headiest place in America. When the President, sitting in his desk chair at the southern tip of the oval, stares dead ahead to the far wall, he sees The Plant. Anywhere else it would be a robust but unremarkable Swedish ivy. But there on the marble

mantelpiece, day after consequential day, it basks in the power and the glory. No matter who has been inaugurated since 1961, The Plant has always stayed.

Sure, other plants live in the Oval Office—palms on the floor, half a dozen dwarf spathiphyllum, sometimes pots of ornamental peppers. The Swedish ivy, however, is above the rest, literally and figuratively. As the most important houseplant on earth, it gets, one imagines, special attention, the perquisites of position.

Perhaps the leaves are individually daubed and polished each evening, watered with Maryland spring water specially sluiced in through titanium pipes, pruned by Kyoto-trained specialists. Maybe an occasional Marine Band rendition of *Hail to the Schefflera*?

On the contrary, the temporary residents around the White House are practically oblivious to The Plant and its remarkable place smack at the center of modern history. "But why, why do you want to look at it?" demanded Sheila Tate, the First Lady's press secretary, of a visiting Swedish ivy enthusiast. "Larry Speakes thinks it's all pretty silly." Silly? Granted that there are, on any given day, matters of more urgency that the White House spokesman has had to address ("Larry," a TV news reporter asked, "does the President have an astrologer or numerologist?"), but The Plant is not irrelevant to the day's great issues.

For if that ivy could talk, what stories it could tell: if it told them, of course, it could be subject to prosecution for unauthorized disclosure of classified information. The supreme virtue of plants in Government is their inherent discretion. The Swedish ivy, given its potential for leaks, is an Adminis-



Helmut Schmidt



King Hussein



Ferdinand Marcos



Sultan of Oman



Mohammad Zia-ul-Haq



Helmuth Schmidt



Menachem Begin



King Fahd



Omar Torrijos



Gerald Ford

tration team player first and last. No one in the White House admits, on the record, talking to The Plant. But hundreds of highly placed people—Presidents and despots, Prime Ministers and Kings, undersecretaries of everything—have gabbed for countless hours just a long, trembling tendril away. The two armchairs are not only for ceremonial photo opportunities; the leaders really do conduct business there, and just a bit further away, the daily business of state is conducted by the President with his underlings.

In The Plant's presence, then, Sadat of Egypt must have quibbled over the meaning of "homeland," and Yugoslavia's Tito suggested his definition of "nonaligned."

The Plant—silent, green—was there as Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone of Japan warned of trade tensions; as José Napoleón Duarte of El Salvador was encouraged on his precarious quest; and in September, as Ronald Reagan and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko worried over nuclear missiles and killer satellites. In 1979, Swedish Prime Minister Ola Ullsten, probably unaware that he was so close to a Swedish ivy (the Swedes did nothing more than attach their name to *Plectranthus*, which is native to Africa and Australia), chatted with Jimmy Carter about Nobel Prizes or shifting Riksdag majorities or whatever it is such untroubled allies discuss. Always, The Plant was there.

**W**ell, not quite always. In fact, Swedish ivy arrived in the exalted place only during the Kennedy Administration, succeeding Ike's grape ivies and plebeian philodendrons. "At first we used it strictly experimentally," recalls Chief White House Horticulturalist Irv Williams, who has served six Presidents. His lieutenant for more than a decade, Supervisory White House Horticulturalist Dale Haney, actually tends it. "You need some-

thing with a little body there on the mantel," he says in his Virginia Tidewater drawl. "Some shape, some real foliage."

Haney agrees that The Plant is remarkable for its ability to endure, unwittingly, the merciless glare of publicity. "It is amazing," he says. "It's almost maintenance free for us. It seems to love the light"—the nearest window, facing the Rose Garden, is several yards to its left—"and we've had no health problems with it, except sometimes it gets a little discolored in the center. During the winter, that fireplace is burning all the time when the President's in there, but The Plant does just fine anyway." Haney is too

and gives a misting every six weeks. Insecticides seem unnecessary; Haney follows his own no-first-use policy and says he has not had any bugs at all, but remains vigilant against red spider mites. He prunes it back now and again, especially on top, so it will not obscure the portrait of Washington (Charles Wilson Peale, 1776) hanging behind.

It would be difficult, and maybe impossible, for any one Swedish ivy to serve indefinitely as The Plant, the apotheosis of U.S. household horticulture. The limelight, surely, would become a burden. The fluorescent light evidently does: after a few months in the Oval Office, every Swedish

ivy is permitted to recuperate amid wooden trays of more esoteric brethren—red gloxinias, Jerusalem cherries, scented geraniums—in natural light and fresh air, up in the little greenhouse on the third floor. Typically, there are two Swedish ivies in rotation, each serving about five tours of duty on the front line.

Presidents, of course, may serve no more than two terms. When a particular plant grows too large or stalky to be The Plant, it is retired to stud, often out on the East Lawn. Healthy-looking cuttings are nipped off and replanted; a fresh Plant candidate is born. Thus no single Swedish ivy, it is true, has sat in the Oval Office for two decades. (Did anyone mind that there were multiple Lassies?) Rather, a hereditary Plant dynasty serves on the President's mantel: from cuttings a new generation is propagated, then another and another, on and on.

Nepotism may be un-American, but each Plant has served faultlessly. None has died on duty. And Haney declines to believe that one ever will. "I don't think it would die overnight," he says. "You'd see it coming. You could probably save it—or give it a good try." History, assuming it has a sense of whimsy, would demand no less. —By Kurt Andersen



The Plant—silent, green—poses with its current companion

humble. Swedish ivies are hardy, but the Oval Office Swedish ivy gets the supervisory horticulturalist's conscientious care. For the rest of the year, as the fireplace begins to blaze, he will come in with water every day at 7 a.m. sharp. He dribbles on liquid fertilizer (20-20-20) once a month



Hosni Mubarak



Margaret Thatcher



Yasuhiro Nakasone



Shimon Peres



Andrei Gromyko



## Another Rush to Judgment

*Amid doubts about exit-poll ethics, TV outraces the voters*

For CBS News Anchor Dan Rather, the presidential election was officially over at 8 p.m. E.S.T. when little more than 1% of the votes had been tallied. At ABC, which had vowed in advance to practice "good citizenship" and restraint, Peter Jennings announced a Reagan victory 13 minutes after Rather. NBC, which transformed the rules of political reporting four years ago by proclaiming Reagan's victory over Jimmy Carter while much of the country was still voting, responded to critics by delaying Tom Bro-

spare Mondale that ignominy, the emphasis shifted to the size and, secondarily, the meaning of Reagan's "mandate" in the House and Senate. Then came the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat: a genial acceptance speech by Reagan after a moving concession by Mondale. Through it all, the same anchors who had said the outcome was settled kept plaintively urging people in states where polls remained open to get out and vote.

The self-contradictory tone may have sounded to some viewers like hypocrisy,

voters "had their ballots opened for them before they were cast."

Despite the controversy about exit polls, the analyses they permit of voter behavior have enhanced and perhaps largely replaced old-fashioned punditry. ABC's Barry Serafin reported on the basis of exit polling that fewer voters than four years ago regard President Reagan's age as an issue. CBS's Diane Sawyer linked the "gender gap" between men and women to an opinion gap between working women and homemakers. NBC's John Chancellor used statistics about Mondale's strength among blacks and weakness among Southern whites to explore a major ideological theme of the night, the breakup of the New Deal coalition.

The exit polls also provided data for the pyrotechnic displays of flashing scoreboards and computer-generated graphics that hurtled like roller coasters across the screen. A dial-spinning viewer, however, might have been befuddled. On NBC's national map, a spreading sea of blue represented Reagan's triumph, and little islands of red symbolized Mondale's meager winnings; on ABC and CBS maps, the color symbolism was reversed. Viewers also were entitled to wonder about the decision making that led to the jazzy displays. As in previous, less technologically sophisticated elections, networks were often hours apart in calling the same races based on roughly the same data.

Election night is a crucial test for network news operations, and all of them passed handsomely. Anchors and commentators mispoke frequently, but most gaffes were on the modest level of ABC's misspelling Republican Senator Jesse Helms' first name as Jessie in proclaiming him a winner in North Carolina. NBC had the most admirable *sang-froid*: a potential strike by news writers, who threatened to walk off in mid-broadcast if necessary, did not reach a tentative settlement until 7 p.m., with Brokaw already on the air. The low point for many viewers came during Mondale's concession, when some affiliates cut to commercials.

Perhaps the last thread of continuity between the ragged but vibrant election broadcasts of the precomputer age and the foreordained, almost Orwellian, whiz-bangery of 1984 is that a good idea and a graceful turn of phrase are still the most satisfying parts of the night. Brokaw praised Reagan's ability to get "moist in the eyes" when talking about America. Bill Moyers of CBS likened the Republican sweep of the South to "a jackknife slicing through a ripe peach." But sadness seemingly inspires better poetry than joy. Perhaps the best example was a ruminative by Elder Statesman David Brinkley of ABC about the forlorn dignity of Mondale, aloft in his campaign plane, "jockeying down at all those states that were not going to vote for him."

—By William A. Henry III



With Reagan far ahead, ABC's Peter Jennings and David Brinkley ponder the reddening map. Said a top CBS producer: "If we have the information, we should put it on the air."

kaw's victory decree until 8:30 p.m. At that hour, voting remained in progress in 26 states. Cable News Network abstained from predictions but nonetheless reported as news the projections made by its three bigger rivals. Politicians had voiced fears that the four major television news organizations would predict the outcome of the contest while polling places remained open on the West Coast. As it turned out, the networks called the race for Reagan before the polls closed in New York.

Having achieved that feat of prognostication, primarily through exit polling of tens of thousands of people as they left the voting booths, the networks belatedly seemed to realize that they had diminished the drama of their story. If the election was over, why should viewers continue to watch? The answer, in the parlance of the sports mentality that prevails in much of TV news: to see whether Reagan could win a record 50-state sweep or Mondale's "prevent defense." As Rather called it at one point, could hold him off. As it grew probable that Minnesota would

but it seemed to reflect instead a deep ethical confusion. Network executives contended off-camera that journalistic integrity required them to report promptly whatever they knew about election trends. "If we have the information, we should put it on the air," said Lane Venardos, executive producer of the CBS *Evening News*. Yet exit polls, perhaps as much as debates and campaign commercials, have thrust TV into the political process. NBC's early call in 1980 was said to have discouraged voting and thus affected the outcome of close races on the West Coast. This year a House subcommittee grilled TV executives about the practice, and both the House and the Senate passed nonbinding resolutions of disapproval.

On election night, hundreds of angry viewers telephoned the network-affiliated stations in San Francisco and Los Angeles to denounce the early prediction. Washington Secretary of State Ralph Munro, sponsor of a 1983 state law that prohibits exit polling within 300 feet of a voting place, said the network action meant that



Model shown is Zenith Color 25" TV. Surround TV picture. © 1984 Zenith Electronics Corp.



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